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After the Labour Purge

IN the last ten days the official leadership has inflicted three grave and gratuitous defeats on the Labour Party. First, it made the Tory victory in West Derby a certainty by choosing to fight this marginal working-class constituency on a drab bi-partisan programme, scarcely distinguishable from that of the Tories. Secondly, it made all but seven of the Labour M.P.s cut a ridiculous figure in the Commons last Thursday week by forbidding them to vote either for or against the Paris Treaty. Finally, to cap everything, it has affronted liberal opinion throughout the country by expelling from the Parliamentary Party (but not be it noted from the Labour Party itself) the six lifelong anti-militarists who voted against German rearmament and John McGovern, the erstwhile Left-winger, who voted for it.

For this expulsion of the Seven there was a majority in the Parliamentary Party of 131 to 93, with some 40 Labour M.P.s who were in the House absenting themselves from the vote. The compromise resolution, moved by Mr. Edelman, proposing merely to reprimand the Seven, was defeated by the much narrower majority of 124 to 103. The shadow cabinet can therefore claim that the purge was a democratic decision of the Parliamentary Labour Party, but they will hardly be able to deny that it will be opposed by the vast majority of active Socialists outside Westminster. Moreover, it will widen the rift which now runs through the whole Labour movement. This rift is not, as so many newspapers pretend, a vertical division between Bevanites and anti-Bevanites, or between the Right wing and the Left wing, but a horizontal chasm which sunders a tightly knit and remote oligarchy at the top from the militants in the union branches and constituency parties far below. The latter still fervently believe in Socialism and look to the leadership to formulate that belief in a programme of action. The response of the leadership is to purge more and more rank-and-file movements on the ground that they are Bevanite, Trotskyite, Communist or even Pacifist conspiracies. In fact, Mr. Deakin's efforts to smash the Stevedores, and the unofficial leaders in his own mammoth union, is part and parcel of the same struggle which the shadow cabinet is waging inside the Parliamentary Party.

What is the cause of this terrifyingly rapid degeneration in a party which, only nine years ago, seemed able to prove that democratic Socialism was the answer both to the Communist challenge and to the capitalist world? Partly, no doubt, it is a result of the Cold War, which has squeezed out moderate policies and forced the Labour Party further and further to the Right. Partly it is caused by the age and spiritual exhaustion of the leaders. Inevitably the aim of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison—to say nothing of Mr. Deakin—is to conserve the very considerable achievements of 1945-1950. The trouble is that Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Butler so obviously share the same aim. Butskell is not a figment of the cartoonists' imagination, but a symbol of the bi-partisanship between Tory and Labour leaders, which now dominates not only foreign affairs, but the whole of our political and industrial life.

It would be unfair, however, to put the whole blame for the crisis, which is now endemic in the Labour Party, on Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell. The Left wing of the Party has been too easily satisfied to capture the leadership of the militant rank-and-file, to formulate its inchoate discontent in sharp polemics and to organise opposition on a few almost haphazard issues, such as German rearma-

ment and the imposition of charges on the Health Service. Where it has failed is in the task of reinterpreting the principles of Socialism in terms of the Keynesian capitalism which has gradually developed since 1945. What is wrong with the Labour Party today is a shortage not of leaders but of ideas. It is the lack of any Socialist policy, on the Left as well as on the Right, which makes the average elector, when he reads the news of the latest Parliamentary rumpus, jump to the conclusion that there is nothing to it except personal rivalries and factional strife. If the shadow cabinet is so bankrupt of positive leadership that it is forced to rely on a purge of the pacifists in order to retain its authority, then it is the bounden duty of its Left-wing critics not merely to oppose this purge but to show that a practical alternative to Butskellism really exists. Unless this is done very speedily, the Labour Party could fragment as the Liberal Party did in the 1920s. If Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan allow themselves to play the disastrous roles of Asquith and Lloyd George, the Labour Party will disintegrate, as the Liberal Party disintegrated, and there will be little profit in disputing who was responsible.

The West and the U.S.S.R.

M. Mendès-France has reinforced powerfully the view expressed in these columns a fortnight ago—that, with ratification of the Paris Agreements practically a foregone conclusion, the most constructive policy now left is to accept the partition of Germany as a fact, and to endeavour, in negotiations with Russia, to secure some abatement of armaments, East and West. In his speech last Monday to the U.N. General Assembly, the French Premier urged, as Mr. Aneurin Bevan had done in the House of Commons, that a Four-Power Conference should be held next May—that is, after ratification of the Paris Treaties, but before irrevocable steps have been taken in Germany to put them into military effect. He also suggested that the West should take no exception to the formation, in Eastern Europe, of an alliance of nations paralleling the Western Defence organisation. If such an alliance contained provisions for publication and limitation of armaments, there might, he thought, be a chance of agreement on mutual restriction of armed forces. M. Mendès-France, in our view, is talking sound sense. The chilly reception given to his speech by the Foreign Office is disappointing.

Crisis in South Korea

The United Nations command in Tokio has acted correctly in announcing that "all means" will be used to protect the Czech and Polish truce supervisors whose summary departure has been demanded by General Yong. Yet this new crisis, coming so soon after President Rhee's defiance of the United State's conditions for economic aid—in which the U.S. had to employ drastic measures to continue payment of its South Korean employees—raises very serious questions about the intentions of the Seoul regime. Since the truce the Americans have done their best to carry out its terms, to see that President Rhee follows suit, and restrain him from provocative speeches and actions. Neither he nor his subordinates—General Yong is the officer who organised the mass escape of Communist prisoners at a critical moment in the truce negotiations—have been happy under such restrictions, and have made no secret of their desire to march North and reunify Korea by force. In recent weeks they have been feeling internal pressure; the contrast between the speed and extent of reconstruction in North Korea and the corrupt inefficiency of the South cannot be completely concealed, while Communist propaganda for "peaceful reunification" has been making some headway. The President, therefore, has chosen to attack the Poles and Czechs as "hostile spies and agitators", and has threatened that "measures for self-defence" will be taken if they do not "leave peacefully" within a week. This action is an open breach of the truce. If President Rhee is seeking a pretext for renewed conflict, the U.N. should dissociate itself from his provocations and prevent him from committing aggression.

Exit M. Monnet

M. Jean Monnet's decision not to renew his contract as chairman of the High Authority of the European Coal-Steel Community may be interpreted as a public admission, by its principal architect, that the Community has failed to fulfil his expectations. In recent months M. Monnet has met with a series of rebuffs. The Washington loan, which he finally secured after lengthy negotiations, was much less than he had anticipated. His efforts to engineer British participation have met with relative failure, despite the fact that the terms he offered in September were sufficiently generous to lead the French Minister attached to the High Authority to dissociate himself from the negotiations. The principal cause of the Community's *malaise*, however, lies in the persistent opposition of the French steel interests. It was, of course, most unfortunate for M. Monnet that 1953, the first full year of the Community's existence, should have been marked by a catastrophic drop in the demand for steel. France was the most severely affected of the Community's members, and the French steel industry naturally laid part of the blame at M. Monnet's door; and this hostility was strengthened by his failure to punish German infringements of price agreements. In recent months, it is true, the steel market has improved. But this has been more than offset by the opening, in August, of the Common Market for special steels, which entails the suppression of a 15 per cent. duty on special steels imported into France, and exposes French manufacturers to stiff competition from low-cost German firms. The industry might have accepted this more philosophically if M. Monnet had been able to do something towards equalising social security charges, which are the principal factor in high French costs; but his attempts have met with little sympathy from member States. Until recently he hoped to secure the adoption of the project for the canalisation of the Moselle, which would undoubtedly have done much to reconcile the French steel industry to the Community. But during the Mendès-France-Adenauer negotiations over the Saar, the subject was scarcely mentioned, and it now looks as though the project has been shelved indefinitely. For M. Monnet this was probably the last straw.

Next Week

MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

PARIS

Ferment in North Africa

Our Paris Correspondent writes: On his return from Washington, M. Mendès-France faces a rapidly deteriorating political situation. Apart from his failure to bring the Socialists into the Government, he faces a real threat in North Africa. After nearly three months, the Tunisian negotiations have reached breakdown point. So far, little progress has been made in settling the central issue raised by the constitution—the codification of the political and economic rights of French settlers—and even a very conservative nationalist like M. Tahar ben Ammar, the Tunisian Premier, has been bitterly disappointed by the intransigence of the French officials and business interests. For the Neo-Destourien members of the Cabinet the situation is even more difficult. The sudden increase of military operations against the *fellaghas* during the last month has led to angry criticism among the Neo-Destour rank and file. At the Neo-Destour Congress, which met ten days ago, this sense of frustration found expression in a somewhat ill-advised speech by M. Masmoudi, the senior Neo-Destour member of the Cabinet. As reported in Paris, the speech amounted to a demand for the political recognition of the *fellaghas*; and it was closely followed by the publication of a newspaper interview in which M. Bourguiba maintained that the current negotiations should be linked with a settlement of the *fellagha* problem. Subsequently, both M. Masmoudi and M. Bourguiba published "explanations," but an open crisis was only avoided by a hasty series of meetings in Paris last week. As a result, a joint Franco-Tunisian communiqué was published, inviting the *fellaghas* to surrender and appointing negotiators to arrange a truce. It is too early, as yet, to assess the success of this move, but there is considerable scepticism in Paris.

The Tunisian negotiations have, of course, been influenced by events elsewhere in North Africa. There is still no sign that the Government has found a solution to the dynastic problem in Morocco. Although the country is reasonably calm—a general strike launched by the Moroccan C.P. last week was a dismal failure—M. Mendès-France's prestige has undergone a marked decline since August. It is now common knowledge that his efforts to persuade the ex-Sultan to abdicate in favour of his son have failed; and his recent speech, in which he declared that the ex-Sultan would not be allowed to return, was badly received by Moroccan nationalists. Some observers are already predicting fresh outbreaks of terrorism. Similarly, the Government's handling of the Algerian revolt has, to date, been lacking in political imagination. The origins of the movement are still obscure, but the most reliable accounts agree that its organisation was provided by a dissident faction of the M.T.L.D. (Algerian Nationalist Party), aided by a small group of Communist militants. The political preparations were almost non-existent, and the vast majority of

Algerian nationalists were totally unaware that an insurrection was being planned. In view of this, the arrest of over 400 nationalists, including M. Moulay Merbah, secretary-general of the M.T.L.D., was unnecessarily brutal. Furthermore, repeated Government statements that the Algerian problem is exclusively economic, and that under no circumstances can Algeria's political status be changed, seem singularly inept. On the contrary, the feeling in nationalist circles is that the revolt has created an entirely new political situation which cannot be solved simply by raising the standard of living.

Although the Government is progressively forfeiting the sympathies of North African nationalists, it is still violently disliked by the *colons* and their representatives in the Assembly. Indeed, the current fighting in Algeria and Tunisia has been triumphantly quoted by M. Mendès-France's opponents as proof positive that a liberal North African policy can only lead to disaster. This view was expressed last week in a message addressed by the Peasant Party to all non-Communist political groups calling for a "national union" to force the Government to adopt a firmer policy; and a similar communiqué was published the next day by the A.R.S. (dissident Gaullists). Some of the strongest criticism has come from the Gaullists who, of course, form one of the three main pivots of the Government's majority. M. Fouchet, the Gaullist Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, met with a hostile reception last week when he attempted to justify Government policy to a meeting of Gaullist deputies, and one Gaullist group has already condemned, in scathing terms, the Franco-Tunisian communiqué on the *fellaghas*.

NEW YORK

Democrats and Tariffs

Our New York Correspondent writes: The President last week promised the Democrats that they would be consulted before foreign policy is made, continuing the bi-partisan tradition. If the Administration sticks to its trade liberalisation proposals, it can count on Democratic support. Mr. Rayburn, prospective Speaker, and Representative McCormack, who will become Majority Leader, have promised to give top priority to a three-year extension of the Reciprocal Trades Act, which would otherwise expire on June 12. It gives the President the authority to lower tariffs in exchange for tariff concessions by other countries, and the three-year extension was a key section of the President's special foreign trade programme last year. In the face of opposition from his own party, he settled at that time for only a one-year stop-gap renewal. He also backed down on a number of other foreign trade recommendations, requesting further "study" prior to action this coming year. Democratic control of Congress is a help, because high tariff advocates have been removed from controlling positions in important Congressional committees. Representative Jere Cooper, an avowed liberal, becomes chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, displacing Daniel A. Reed, who was responsible for thwarting many moves toward liberal trade policies. In the Senate, chairmanship of the Finance Committee passes to Senator Byrd, much less protectionist than his predecessor, Senator Millikin. In other areas of domestic policy, the Democrats are likely to clash sharply with the Administration. An outline legislative agenda, released by Mr. Rayburn, contains measures on taxes and farm policy known to be in conflict with White House policy.

WESTMINSTER

Dog Eating Dog

At what stage should political conscience become active? Those who deplore this week's disciplinary action argue that a conscience can never be inactive and that a Member of Parliament must be free to respond to it by voice and by vote. Others argue that conscience should be put to the test at an earlier stage, before, in fact, an individual becomes a Member of Parliament. Then, after the tensions and triumph of a selection conference, with the clapping and congratulations of the delegates still ringing in his ears, a selected candidate is invited to pledge himself, by signature, to the constitution of the Labour Party and with it the Standing Orders which his prospective Parliamentary colleagues have imposed upon themselves. The Labour Party is an aggregation of rebels of widely varied opinions. It can be held together in effective parliamentary action only by the acceptance of certain basic principles and then upon loyalty to majority decision. And if the majority decision affronts conscience, Standing Orders allow abstention. These provisions were not forced upon the Parliamentary Labour Party by its leaders, but were reimposed three years ago by will of the floor. Their breach was the only issue involved on Tuesday, but it is a sad business that the principle should, inevitably, have been affirmed in a case involving a group of people most of whom are likeable, honest and sincere.

The Party meeting came to an end simultaneously with a Commons division. Members had to make an undignified scramble to pass the doors of the Division Lobby before they closed. Will Whiteley, the Chief Whip, stood at the door hustling his charges through. The first man to whom he said "Hurry on now boys!" was Sydney Silverman, from whom the Whip had been withdrawn two minutes previously. Silverman grinned delightedly and wagged his finger at the Chief Whip. "Now, now," he said, "you mustn't say that to *me* now." And he loyally walked into the Lobby. Later, during the TV debate, Silverman who sometimes exasperates by his wordy interruptions, scored again, this time a silent point. Herbert Morrison was suggesting that press criticism of press-controlled TV would be inhibited, because, he said, "I understand there is a saying in the newspaper world that 'dog does not eat dog'." And Silverman, managing to catch his eye, bowed to him, very gravely and very sardonically.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Prize Essay : Faith and Reason

£350 IN AWARDS

THE old argument about Faith and Reason has entered a new phase. In Britain, from the days of Mill and Huxley up to the Second World War, the general pattern of educated thought assumed that Science held the key to both personal and social problems. As long ago as the Eighties, Beatrice Webb noted in her diary that her contemporaries were no longer thinking about religious creeds or personal salvation; they had accepted instead the secular religion of Progress. Until after the Second World War, this generalisation would have passed as a fair comment on the trend of the age.

Today, we are told, there is a religious revival. Not only do vast crowds flock to hear Billy Graham, even in academic Oxford, but, far more significant, even in rationalist circles there is a renewed interest in personal religion. There are notable accessions to the Roman and other churches amongst leading artists and men and women of letters. Undergraduate societies that, in the Thirties, were exclusively interested in politics and social affairs are now ready to discuss problems of religion. What is particularly difficult to assess is whether this tendency is merely an ephemeral phase reflecting the disillusion with science, which threatens us with the H-bomb and seems to offer us not Utopia but an unattractive Brave New World. Or are we witnessing the beginning, as some say, of a serious Christian revival?

In the hope of discovering more about the political, intellectual, and emotional basis of this revised interest in personal salvation and organised Christianity, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is offering prizes for the best essays on the broad subject of Faith and Reason. The first prize is £200, with three other prizes of £50. It is further intended that if a number of essays are worthy of publication, the prize essays and others of outstanding merit will be published in book form. In that case, a royalty of £20 will be paid for essays which did not win prizes but are included in the book.

The essays must be of not more than 3,000 words, and they must reach The Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by February 28, 1955. Manuscripts should be in typescript and bear a pseudonym. A sealed envelope, marked "Essay," with the writer's real name, should be enclosed. The prize is open to all men and women who are not more than twenty-six years of age on January 1, 1955. It is hoped that serious students, not only of philosophy, but also of science and history and other subjects, will be stimulated to think out and state their own intellectual position towards religion. We hope that tutors at universities will encourage students to compete, but that no one will be discouraged from competing because he or she has not had a university education. This invitation is not limited to Britain or the Commonwealth, but is extended to young men and women everywhere. We hope to print in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION the prize-winning essay and others of special merit. Competitors should face the necessity of reaching personal conclusions in their essays, and not merely produce summaries of the past controversy between science and religion.

Science, religion and philosophy must all be represented in the team of judges. Those who have agreed to be judges in this competition, apart from the Editor of this journal, are Dr. J. Bronowski; H. A. Hodges, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Reading; and Stuart Hampshire, Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Every competitor will be assured by the names on this panel that his essay will be considered purely on its merits, and that all opinions, ranging from materialism to any branch of religion, will be equally judged.

TV and the Political Parties

MR. MORRISON chose once again, in his Commons speech last Tuesday, to denounce the newly established machine of commercial TV with bell, book and candle. We have much sympathy with his feelings; and everybody will recognise that they have been absolutely consistent since the new project was first mooted. Yet by continuing to take such a destructive line he probably weakens his case. There is no profound issue of principle involved, and, once Labour spokesmen recognise that commercial TV now exists, and face the task of making the best of it, their case against the political bias of the programme contractors so far selected becomes all the stronger. The Statute already provides the maximum practical safeguards against visible and calculated political distortion in news broadcasting and current affairs commentaries. The possibility that the programme contractors themselves would be sufficiently deep-dyed with their party colours to call in question the reasonable impartiality of all their programmes, has not apparently been equally well provided for. At all events, a situation has now arisen where there must be serious concern about the bias towards big business and the Conservative Party, not only of the advertisers but of the programme contractors as well. At the same time there appears to be no power under the Act for the Independent Television Authority itself to discriminate against a contractor merely on the grounds that his political affiliations would impair the balance of the system as a whole.

In arguing this, Labour has a formidable case, and one which has already attracted powerful allies to its support—and not only from the ranks of those who are in any case opposed to all forms of commercial TV. The danger is, however, that political *amour propre* will be found to have committed the Labour Party to a position which it cannot hold. It was right to oppose the Television Bill root and branch during its passage into law; but there is a two-fold danger in the continuing attitude of some Labour spokesmen that commercial TV is something too vile for Labour to have anything to do with. In the first place, the threat that the Act can be in some way repealed by a future Labour Government may well turn out to be an empty one. One thing almost certain about commercial TV is that it will be popular, and especially in those sections of the community which tend to vote Labour. The other danger is a subtler one. It is that Labour leaders may get led into an obscurantist and restrictive approach towards television in general. Nothing could be more deadly to the Party's chances of making an impact on the "unpolitical" voter.

Anybody who still doubts the political power of television, even as it is under the B.B.C., should consider the implications of last week's *Press Conference*. This regular programme, in which some newsworthy public figure is interviewed by journalists, is consistently entertaining and intelligent. On a number of occasions it has been of sufficient consequence to become an important topic of conversation next day in bus and office. But on no previous night has it measured up in significance to last week's programme, when Sir Anthony Eden faced four very experienced and tough, if basically friendly, newsmen. Here was surely something new and portentous: never before in this country has a Foreign Secretary been interviewed in circumstances of such fierce publicity. For there is plainly all the difference in the world between the ordinary press conference and one that takes place in the presence of perhaps a third of the whole electorate; or between a press conference, in which the unrehearsed questions are designed to needle, and a party political programme, such as the one in which Mr. Attlee did so well just after Scarborough.

The Foreign Secretary, of course, was on this occasion discretion itself; but one realised anew the source of the old parliamentary fear of radio and television. One could see how easily, given the right combination of circumstances, Parliament itself could be sidestepped. In the past, when Sir Anthony Eden has been seen on television, he has always seemed a trifle self-conscious—uncomfortably aware, perhaps, of his dual role of matinée idol of the Tory ladies and the politician who is supposed to rise above mere party. Last week he was entirely at ease, informal, apparently oblivious of the lights and cameras; he was on the best of terms with his questioners; his manner appeared as frank as his position allowed it to be. He managed to create the illusion of a great expert discussing his subject objectively with a handful of lesser experts. And what was manifest all the time was the famous charm. But charm is not quite the word, for the performance contained a suggestion of something more—the impression of a man of absolute soundness.

And that, of course, puts a very different complexion on the broadcast. Sir Anthony no doubt is many of these things: his public *persona* is unusually attractive. But the fact remains that, besides all that and besides being Foreign Secretary, he is the second-in-command of a political party, the next Tory Prime Minister unless the totally unexpected happens, and probably the leader of his party at the forthcoming General Election. The essential political power of TV is that, when a politician comes on to the screen, whether or not he talks party politics as such, a political party temporarily becomes personified. In most people's lives, except in the case of the minority of the politically conscious, the M.P. is a rare bird who comes under close observation only at election times. Seen out of season, as it were, in isolation—and, one may add of TV, in one's own home—he becomes more than himself: he stands for his party. It means that the M.P. who becomes a TV star in his own right is probably of more value to his party than all the party political broadcasters; and if he is a party leader, or somewhere near it, his value is even further enhanced.

Clearly Sir Anthony Eden is going to be the Tories' great TV election asset: and Labour may well feel some sense of alarm that it has, so far, produced no one of anything like the same political seniority who promises to be equally welcome in the average TV home. Here indeed is a powerful reason why Labour must not bog itself down so deep in the institutional argument about establishing commercial TV that it fails to notice what is already happening, to its disadvantage, even under the dreary fairness of the B.B.C. There are all sorts of serious objections to the commercialised system which the present Government has established. But what Mr. Morrison and his colleagues ought to remember before everything else—as their opposite numbers in the Tory Central Office certainly do—is that political battles of the future are going to be won by those who take the fullest advantage of the opportunities which TV offers to talk to the elector, man to man, in the privacy of his own front room.

Michael Blundell's Opportunity

THE future of Kenya is the test case for British policy in Africa and for European settlement in that continent. The military struggle seems to have reached the stage in which Mau Mau is split into separate gangs. They can continue life in the forests indefinitely. The end of the war, whatever the means of surrender, depends upon the outcome of the political struggle, which in its turn could be profoundly influenced by the restoration of peace. Genuine co-operation between White, Brown and Black in Kenya would have its effect all over Africa, while a failure to establish such co-operation may well spread racial chaos across the continent and eventually bring to an end all hope of permanent European settlement anywhere in Africa.

This issue has been brought to a crisis in Kenya by the emergency of the past two years. Potentially such a crisis has been latent for thirty years. The root cause of the emergency lay in the unimaginative attempt of a few thousand Europeans to establish for themselves a permanent aristocracy in a land inhabited by five million Africans. This is in miniature the essential tragedy of the whole African continent. The Mau Mau movement was not originally simply nihilistic. It originated as a nationalist organisation to secure self-government, more land and better pay through the expulsion of these Europeans. By no means all the Kikuyu have regressed into its later obscenities, but the whole tribe and many more Africans of other tribes fully endorse the original aims.

One of the most hopeful signs of the past two years is the sudden realisation by intelligent Europeans that their existence in Kenya depends upon their granting a measure of real reforms. As a result of the emergency, some Kenya Europeans have recognised that the simple maintenance of White privilege will lead to the destruction of European settlement in Kenya. Consequently Africans have been admitted to the Government; farm wages have been increased by 50 per cent.; minimum industrial wages have been raised; land reform is being studied by the Royal Commission; and now African elections are promised for the near future.

These reforms have not been accomplished without raising powerful opposition within the European community. That opposition centres upon the whole principle of multi-racial government. The steps forward have been taken, albeit hesitantly and slowly, by the group of politicians led by Mr. Michael Blundell and now organised

in the United Country Party. It is no exaggeration to say that much of the future of Kenya depends upon the strength and courage of this group. They have two battles to face. First, they have to defeat the White reactionaries who, if they can, will destroy the attempt to establish any form of political co-operation with the other races. The main trial of strength in this struggle will come at the election either next year or in 1956. If the Blundell group is defeated, the reactionaries believe that the previous position of White political monopoly will be re-established. But they forget that the British Government is responsible for 5 million Africans and 120,000 Asians, as well as for the 40,000 Europeans. It could not allow the re-establishment of the old *status quo* even if the only means of avoiding it were a suspension of the Constitution. If the Kenyan White electorate will face reality, it must realise that its survival in an African country depends upon racial co-operation. It will equally have to realise that in any set-up recognisable as a democracy Africans will eventually have a majority of influence. Any attempt to perpetuate European supremacy would leave the British Government no alternative but to take hold of the political reins itself in the interests of all sections of the population.

The second battle will be even more difficult, for it will be against the United Country Party's own timidity. This group, and Michael Blundell in particular, would have greatly strengthened their position if they had been bold enough at the time of the Lyttelton Constitution to devise some form of common electoral roll. They would then have saved themselves from having to answer to a purely White electorate, and would have seized the political initiative with all races. As it is, that initiative has been taken by Mr. A. B. Patel, the Hindu Minister, who has both pointed out that if ever Kenya is to become a nation it can only be on the basis of a common roll and also shown that this could be achieved. Meanwhile, the Blundell group has to overcome its prejudice against admitting Non-Europeans to membership of its Party. So long as it allows Africans and Asians to be treated as second-class citizens, to be regarded as a different species, even when they are members of the Legislative Council, and to be kept out of the social life of Kenya, those disabilities which produced Mau Mau will remain.

In spite of the continued advance of social, economic and political reform, which has been a remarkable feature of the emergency period, the battle against Mau Mau has tended to aggravate the attitude towards the Kikuyu which itself led to the emergency. It is true that Mau Mau have killed a hundred Africans for every European. Yet some of the actions of Europeans in the emergency, the treatment of detainees and the aggravation of land hunger in the Kikuyu Reserve, are inevitably increasing the original bitterness between Kikuyus and Europeans. Mau Mau developed largely because a great many Kikuyu became maladjusted and displaced men as their tribal life broke down and they were thrust into the vacuum of ill-prepared urban areas. The new Government has the heavy task of exorcising the hatred and fear of Kikuyu which permeate European society.

None of these problems can be solved by the Government's present policy of indiscriminate White immigration. In fact, the only Europeans who can usefully be admitted to the country until equality of racial opportunity is established are those who will go to assist and train Africans in skills and techniques. Nor can African co-operation be expected so long as the 12,000 square miles of the White Highlands remain the monopoly of 3,000 Europeans. We may have to wait for the Royal Commission report before seeing clearly the whole of the land situation, but its solution and some form of integration of African and European agriculture is an essential for the peaceful development of the country.

If any of these real issues are to be faced and settled in the immediate future it can only be through the strength and purpose of the Blundell group in the European community, in association with the co-operative elements amongst the Africans and Asians. Such association, if genuine, can cut across racial considerations, replace colour consciousness by a Kenyan spirit, and substitute political for racial division.

JOHN HATCH

On the Brink or Over

IN view of limited resources and of the fantastically high cost of modern armaments it is obvious that no country, unless it be as rich as the United States or as totalitarian as the Soviet Union, can afford to be strong both in conventional and in atomic weapons. The more we spend on providing ourselves with the instruments of out-and-out atomic warfare, the less can we afford to go on spending on alternative means of defence. This in effect was what Lord Montgomery was implying when he said, in his recent declaration at the Royal United Services Institution, that Shape is basing all its operational planning on using atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons. "We have reached," he went on to say, "the point of no return as regards the use of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons in a hot war." "We could not," he insisted, "meet the strength that would be brought against us unless we used nuclear weapons." It was implied that this would be the position whether the West Germans were re-armed or not.

These words of Lord Montgomery's have alarmed even the *Economist*, which has recently pointed out in a leading article that the Field-Marshal's words, if he was speaking with authority, imply that a political decision of supreme importance has already been taken by the Western governments without any attempt to enlighten their peoples about what is being done in their name. The *Economist* went on to point out the dreadful seriousness of such a decision for a country which "is likely to suffer more than any other from retaliation from thermo-nuclear weapons," and to question whether any such decision ought to be taken at the present time. It pointed out that the steps already taken to re-equip the forces of the Atlantic Alliance, including our own, for atomic warfare make it more likely that any outbreak of hostilities will lead to these weapons being actually used, because they will leave these forces, on which we rely, unequipped to fight any other kind of war.

It is indeed all too clear that we cannot have matters both ways. Either we follow the American example by getting ready to fight a thermo-nuclear war at the cost of rendering ourselves unable to fight any other, or we hold back our preparations for such warfare in the hope that, by doing so, we shall avoid making world war more likely than it is at present. If we take the latter course, we can hope, at a not too distant date, for some decline in our Defence expenditure or at least for its stabilisation, even in the absence of a substantial improvement in world relations. If, on the other hand, we transfer our efforts to building up the means to thermo-nuclear war, we are faced with the prospect of a continuing increase in our Defence costs for an indefinite period to come, because the pace of new horrific inventions will keep us under the continuous need to replace equipment producible only at immense cost with superior equipment that will cost even more.

The assumption that underlies the policy announced by Lord Montgomery as already an accomplished fact is that the West has been saved from total war during the past few years only by the American preponderance in atomic weapons, and that war can be prevented for the future only by maintaining this preponderance and extending it to the whole group of Atlantic Treaty Powers. It is doubtless true that in the United States the pursuit of this form of military supremacy has already done something to make the American people less disposed to support the advocates of a preventive war by making them more aware of the sheer horrors such a war—indeed, any war—would let loose; and it may well be that the development of British atomic power would strengthen the already strong will to peace of the British people. Hitherto, however, it has been possible to fight at any rate "little" wars—"little" in comparison with world war—without using atomic or thermo-nuclear weapons; whereas within a very few years, if we persist in the policy which Lord Montgomery has proclaimed, we shall be confronted with the need to fight with such weapons or not at all. To this future we are already condemned if, as Lord Montgomery affirms, we have already reached "the point of no return."

The *Economist*, as was to be expected, is hesitant in drawing morals from its recognition of the stage that has now been reached—or almost reached. It rightly argues that it cannot be squared with democratic principles that so vital a decision should be taken without any attempt to enlighten the people about its nature; and it asks whether the Government should not be called upon to take the people more into its confidence by lifting the veil of secrecy that has so far shut off from public scrutiny the whole question of the practical applications of nuclear research. It also points out the impracticability of divorcing the question of atomic warfare from that of the peaceful uses of atomic energy, because "plutonium, the basis of atomic explosion, is a possible by-product of any atomic power plant"; and in that connection it raises pertinent questions concerning the real meaning of current proposals to promote the peaceful use of atomic power on an international basis. On the other hand it does not press its questioning of the acceptance of the policy announced by Lord Montgomery to the point of a plain call for reconsideration, though it does in somewhat unclear language seem to counsel some delay.

To me at any rate the probable consequence of acquiescing tamely in Lord Montgomery's conclusions appears so momentously evil as to rule out altogether any such attitude. In comparison, even arming the Germans and thus banging the door on the prospect of an agreed unification of German territory are minor matters—apart from the fact that the only reason for wishing to act in this way is surely removed if reliance is to be put primarily on thermo-nuclear means of warfare. But doubtless the next step will be to equip the Germans too with these new horror-weapons and with the means of making them.

The alternative course to that which Lord

Montgomery takes as already settled is surely that of halting further advance in the supersession of the older means of defence and making a real effort to come to such terms with the Russians as will bring about an agreed halt to the ruinous armament race. We are now faced with a new challenge to make this attempt in the latest Russian appeal for a conference, addressed this time not to the Great Powers alone but to a wider international audience. The Russians are now, in effect, calling upon the world's peoples at least to make a serious attempt to rescue themselves from the threat of mass-destruction; and, however suspicious we may feel of their intentions, it is no longer possible to pretend that they are not sincere in wishing to do a deal if they can without surrender of what is vital to their security.

There can, of course, be no assurance that a conference, whatever countries may attend it, will not break down. But those of us who are still fighting against the acceptance of German rearmament, and mean to go on fighting to the very end, have now an additional and even stronger argument for urging that a conference ought to be attempted before yet more mischief has been made. It is false logic to argue that because the danger of immediate war has become less with the growth of popular consciousness of what it would involve—and especially since President Eisenhower's recent unequivocal rejection of preventive war—it is the right course to push on with atomic and thermo-nuclear armament in order to make the prospect of war still more terrible. So far, popular opinion has not contemplated the notion of thermo-nuclear warfare coming almost at once to be the only form of warfare great modern States are equipped to wage. If this notion is once accepted, no one except the few out-and-out pacifists will be any longer in a position to protest against the measures needed to make such warfare effective. The militarists will have got the public where they always want it to be—at the mercy of their exclusive know-how in estimating the size as well as the nature of the needs of Defence.

If that happens, it is good-bye to the Welfare State, even if war itself is deferred. It is indeed good-bye to much more than that; for peoples who have come to take for granted the morality of mass annihilation and mutilation of one another will not escape the need to revise their moral codes in other respects. Where, in such circumstances, will be the sense of objecting to the corruption of children by "Horror Comics" or by any other kind of sadistic appeal? Such things are surely the natural concomitants of the betrayal of moral decency at higher social and political levels.

In face of all this I believe we should be prepared, despite the shrieks of Generals and fanatical anti-Communists, to take the risk of proposing at an international conference open to all countries the complete banning of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons and the destruction of all stocks of them. It is nonsense to suggest that, if this were done, the Russians would promptly seize the chance to invade Western Europe or even to accentuate their pressure in the Far East. It is certain that the Russian people, in common with all others, do not want world war; and as for the Far East, our ability to resist Communist aggression would be surer if the Great Powers on both sides were equipped only with conventional means of waging war. To be armed only with weapons which one shrinks from using save in the very last resort is to be left defenceless till the case has become desperate. But that is precisely what we are faced with if we acquiesce in Lord Montgomery's assumption.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

THE seven Labour M.P.s who have been deprived of the Party Whip have been given power beyond their wildest hopes. They are now in the way of becoming the third largest party in the House—if so odd an assortment of professional conscientious objectors want to unite. If they were formally to apply for the Liberal Party's official room in the House, I don't see how their demand could be refused. Moreover, as an independent group, one of the Seven will now, presumably, have the right to utter on every important issue before the House. Neither Mr. Silverman, Mr. Hughes, nor Mr. McGovern will be too shy to avail himself of the opportunity. Even more paradoxical, these Seven, whose crime was to force a division in defiance of the official leadership, will now be free to force divisions at will. This means that the Party risks being continually put through last week's parliamentary hoop. This process, by which the bi-partisan attitude of the Labour leaders would be constantly exposed, would perpetuate the humiliation of the leadership. Old party stalwarts who have obeyed and respected their leaders all their lives, have this week shaken their heads in pity for Attlee and asked, in my hearing, whether some of his colleagues have "gone mad." The only strong card left in the Party leaders' hand is that the seven Whipless Members will not wish, when the General Election comes, to lose their seats or to find themselves fighting the Communist faction as well as the official leadership. But if this result is to be avoided, someone will have soon to start persuading the Seven to come back into the Party fold. It will not be easy to persuade men of the recalcitrant material of which the third largest party in the House is made.

* * *

Morgan Phillips's description of the West Derby bye-election result as "disappointing" is a triumph of understatement. Here was a marginal constituency, so marginal that Sir David Maxwell Fyfe had already deserted it for the safety of Epsom before he was elevated to the peerage. Here was a predominantly working-class population, that had moved out of Liverpool on to vast new housing estates; it might have been expected to respond to the vote of censure on the Government's pensions policy (which had been carefully arranged for two days before the West Derby poll), and provided eager audiences for the Labour spokesmen in public meetings and canvassers on the doorsteps. Here, finally, was a campaign from which the Labour organisers had managed to exclude those Left-wing elements to which we are told, the marginal voter is antipathetic. True, Harold Wilson could not be kept out, since he represents the neighbouring constituency of Huyton, which contributed a very substantial proportion of the canvassers to the campaign. But apart from him no verminous body was permitted to contaminate the Labour campaign, and Aneurin Bevan, who could have filled the largest hall available, twice over, was excluded, and so was even Anthony Greenwood from nearby Rossendale. Submitting to this tactic, the candidate duly concentrated on trying to appear even more statesmanlike and bi-partisan than his Tory opponent. The result of this carefully prepared campaign was a fog of apathy; the physical fog which came down at 6 p.m. on polling day gave the electors an excuse to show their apathy. Thousands of them expressed their acceptance of bi-partisanship in a very sensible way. They stayed at home.

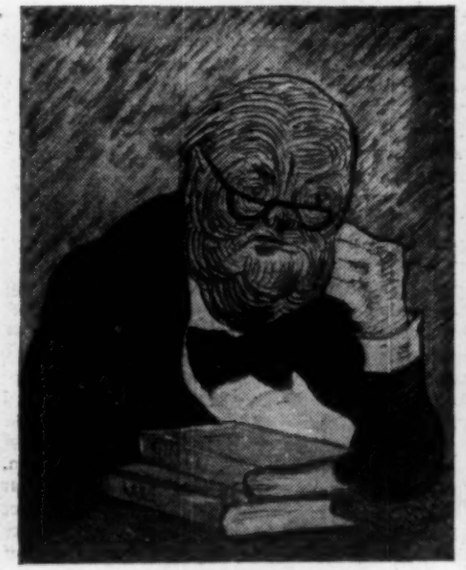
The best comments I've read on the shadow cabinet's decision first to support the Paris Treaty in all their speeches and then to forbid their supporters to go into the lobbies were those of the Prime Minister and Mr. McGovern. Celebrating his birthday in Woodford, Sir Winston gently contrasted his own treatment as a rebel in the Tory party before the war with that meted out to the Labour pacifists. "One of the dangers of democracy," he remarked, "is that you become a machine-made possession of the party caucus . . . the further you go to the Left the more rigid and rigorous party discipline becomes." And he added that "the Conservative Party seems to achieve its unity by comradeship rather than by heresy-hunting." Having noted Sir Winston's use of the word comradeship, Mr. Attlee should then bear in mind the words of John McGovern, defending himself for the crime of voting for German rearmament. He said: "Jimmy Maxton always told me that the trouble with the Socialist Party is that it has no guts . . . I am the only man with the courage of Mr. Attlee's convictions."

* * *

Now that he is dead, all the world unites in recalling that Vyshinsky was in private life a very agreeable, witty and likeable fellow. Nor could anyone who ever heard him speak withhold admiration from him as a masterly dialectician and a compelling rhetorician. It is fair to add, too, that he was not a maker of Soviet policy, and that, even in the purge of the Thirties, when he earned abhorrence by the savagery with which he demanded the death of his old comrades, he was only acting as legal advocates are supposed to do in every country in the world. Nevertheless, it is in this nauseating role of persecutor that Vyshinsky will be most remembered in history. There must, indeed, be few today who believe that Bukharin, Radek, and the rest, were anything but convinced Communists and loyal Soviet citizens. After all, did not the police chief, who framed the charges against them, himself die as a traitor? Vyshinsky must himself have savoured the irony of the fact that the post-war purges in satellite countries, which followed closely the pattern of those in Moscow fifteen years earlier, are also now implicity admitted to have been fakes, mere incidents of faction fighting within the Communist hierarchy. With Anna Kethly and other innocent people—including opponents and friends of Communism—released from jail, the Kremlin, for the time being at least, seems to have turned its face away from persecution. It would be interesting to overhear the conversations in the next world when Vyshinsky meets, not only the victims of the pre-war purge, but also Communist stalwarts like Rajk and Otto Simon.

* * *

Sir John Kotelawala, Prime Minister of Ceylon, who is now on a visit to this country, attended the Buddhist Temple in Knightsbridge last Saturday; some newspapers thought this a matter for headline news. Sir John, like most other Ceylonese, is, not surprisingly, a Buddhist, and he was offered, according to the Buddhist custom, ceremonial gifts of flowers. From my own observation, I should say that Buddhism, in spite of many perversions, is, at any rate in Burma, Siam, and Ceylon, the least "materialistic" of the great religions; it certainly seems to have more effect on personal and social relations than Christianity in this country. The truth obviously is that if you are born in a Buddhist country both the miraculous and spiritual aspects of Buddhism have just the same appeal to you as Hinduism, Islam or Christianity have to religious people in India, the Middle East, or the West. But the oddity



The Portrait

With VICKY'S apologies to Holbein, Rembrandt, Modigliani, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Millais and Picasso

of our exclusive attitude was brought home to me the other day in a party that contained Hindus, Mussulmen, Buddhists and Christians. One of the Hindus told us how when he had first come to this country as a student years ago he had been stopped in the street by a clergyman who said "Are you a heathen?" He replied, somewhat tartly, that he was not; he was a Hindu. It had taken him weeks before he had shaken off this importunate missionary who declared that it was his function to look after all the heathen in London. One of us said "But what is a heathen?" and fetched a dictionary from the shelves. According to the Oxford Dictionary, a heathen (and a pagan is similarly defined) is "one who is neither Christian, Jewish nor Mohammedan; (n.pl. coll., the unenlightened person)". I suppose that this would have seemed natural to an earlier generation; anyone who did not believe in the singularly ferocious Jehovah of the Old Testament or one of his Christian or Islamic successors deserved this contemptuous description. I hope that Sir John Kotelawala thinks it a joke when British obscurantists call him, and so many of his countrymen, heathen.

* * *

The blue-tit which pecks the top of the milk bottle in order to take off the cream is now a familiar and, I learn with some surprise, an authentic part of English lore. I have another addition to make. Friends of mine declare that *their* tit can also read. When they were away for the night a note was inserted in the milk bottle written on pink paper. The words on it were "no milk today." When my friends came back the pink paper was torn to indignant fragments and strewn contemptuously round the empty bottle.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Wolves' defeat of Spartak was a very good effort, but it was with something approaching horror that I read the English players kissed each other after each goal was scored.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (A. J. Davidson.)

If you make them up with discretion your eyes will last you all evening and dominate your face.—*Everywoman*. (G. M. Moger.)

Fifty-year-old Mrs. Catharine Richardson wanted to remove the plaster from the front of her sixteenth-century home to expose its ancient beams.

Essex county authorities said No. The effect would be "pseudo-Tudor," they said.—*News Chronicle*. (Mrs. E. G. Hyde.)

"One can well understand those people who believe that intercourse is wrong except where children are concerned," the judge said. "That is a widely held and respectable view."

He added that the husband believed that intimacy was repellent, unpleasant and something to be endured in order to have children.—*News of the World*. (A. P.).

Pendley Manor, Tring, is celebrating its ninth anniversary as a residential centre of adult education in a novel way. It is having a week-end course of foxhunting.—*Daily Telegraph*. (M. B. Nicholas.)

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery hinted to Americans today that they might not like some of the things he will say in a lecture at Columbia University. . . .

"I am dead set against co-education," he said to reporters in New Jersey. "We've got to educate our chaps." He did not amplify his remark.—*Daily Telegraph*. (F. J. Bartlett.)

THE HAPPY RETURN

When hearts of Englishmen all turn to Number 10
With tributes of spontaneous affection,
When birthday presents shower on the hero of the hour
From the Empire and Commonwealth connection.

When decorated scrolls acclaim his various roles,
When his triumphant labours are recited,
Admirers will recall his greatest feat of all—
America and Britain he united.

The Western Hemisphere to Britain he drew near,
Praised Washington in public testimonials,
Till Britons now embrace men of their sister-race,
No longer classed as rebel ex-Colonials.

On many a stormy trip he urged world leadership
On Presidents whose views were too domestic,
And never flagged nor tired until they were inspired
With Winston's vision of their fate majestic.

America today can her own tribute pay,
Returning many a Transatlantic meeting,
A graceful gesture make—a gift to Churchill take
Together with the Presidential greeting.

The leader of the West will be no foreign guest
Where Churchill's birthday candles now are burning—
There's still an empty chair at this family affair,
Put ready for the prodigal returning.

Since Churchill joined the hands of English-speaking lands,
To crown his anniversary celebrations,
The States might now come in, equal and sovereign,
A Member of the Commonwealth of Nations!

SAGITTARIUS

Learning by Post

INSTRUCTION by post now makes one of Britain's major educational industries. Every year tens of thousands of young and even middle-aged men and women, in the professions and in industry, embark on the ardous task of learning by correspondence. It seems easy when one reads the exhortations in the brochures. Yet to attain standards which are really worth while is not only expensive compared with attendance at classes arranged by the local authority, but requires self-discipline and close concentration.

Nobody knows how many correspondence colleges there are. The Ministry of Education hasn't the slightest idea—officially—and isn't particularly interested. Yet the major fourteen, all institutions with traditions and reasonably high standards of tuition to maintain, spend £158,000 and upwards each year on advertising in the press. Their brochures are lavishly printed and compiled. Their follow-ups—once an enquiry has been made—are persistent and voluminous. One college has been offering for the past two years to turn me into a vibrant and vital personality in six months. What is described as a "telling reminder" arrives once a fortnight.

In spite of high overheads like advertising, expensive follow-ups and, in a few instances, local representatives, the colleges seem to pay their owners handsome dividends. One with a registered capital of £350,000 has been known to pay in recent years a 22½ per cent. dividend. Another, starting as a small family enterprise, has rebuilt and extended its college four times in 53 years. Another claimed in 1949 that forty years ago it was unknown and now is teaching students from the "earth's wide region round." Yet many proprietors of this little-investigated field are without any academic or educational qualifications whatever. To them it is a business like any other, and the financial rewards must be as big as possible. In the course of lengthy investigations last year, I soon learned to distinguish the good from the inferior—though even the best shied off questions concerning profits and the all-important query how many students on average complete these courses. I also found that some refused to give a list of their staffs and qualifications, which, I should have thought, was vital information for the intending student.

After all, next to the student the tutor is the most important single factor in the course. His qualifications should be as high as those of the teacher in a school or technical college. He has to be even more skilful in getting to know his pupil and his attainments, because he can only do so by post. If he has many pupils to keep going at the same time, there can be little leisure for other professional pursuits, unless his marking is based not so much on detailed examination of the student's work as upon sets of model answers; and these in turn make more demands on the student. From course-lessons I have seen, I should say the persistent student has got to put in at least 500 hours spread over one or two years to finish his course; and his tutor would require at least sixty hours to correct scripts properly.

What of the student? Eager to embark upon a course, he signs a contract which states, amongst other things, that fees are not returnable except in very unusual circumstances. If he pays on the instalment system, he guarantees to pay until the full fee is made up. If he fails to keep up with the lessons because they are proving too difficult, he will often be persuaded to take a more elementary course on payment of a further fee (usually reduced) until he is up to the standard of the course he has already started. At this stage, the college has two fees in hand from the student, and he has probably a further year's study ahead of him. Nothing daunted he receives Lessons 1 and 2 together. This is known as the "leap-frog" system, because while Lesson 1 is being corrected he gets on with Lesson 2. If work on Lesson 1 is all right, it is returned with Lesson 3. Should he fall behind, his tutor sends a reminder. The lessons are often specially prepared memo sheets, the property of the college, which the student has agreed not to pass on to anyone else and which he has promised to return at the end of the course or immediately he should decide not to finish it. Some colleges base their schemes of study on specially printed textbooks which the students buy from the college. One famous college, the only one which is an educational trust, lends texts to its students, thus cheapening the cost.

Ideally, every postal course should be as good as the best classroom tuition. This goal is impossible to attain because of the lack of personal contact between tutor and student. Without this contact, students have to possess unflagging zeal to keep up with their work. Remember, for the vast majority the only free time is after a day's work. It requires, therefore, the comparatively unusual qualities of a good student to go through with a course to the very end. I hazard a guess that some colleges may lose 80 per cent. of their enrolments because students find the work too hard. Though work has ceased, fees must be paid. What "unusual circumstances" there are (if any) is determined by the college authorities. As one cynic remarked—"the really important section of some correspondence colleges is not tutorial but the accountant's office."

The range of subjects offered by postal tuition is almost unlimited. One can learn the technique of breathing properly or of superb piano playing. Should I want to write short stories like Somerset

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WITH a diffidence unbecoming to us we made our first Christmas Gift Subscription Offer thirty-two years ago. You, generous readers, have only yourselves to blame for its continuance. Admittedly our offer was irresistible! We said we would post a weekly copy of the paper to friends in any part of the world for six months at one-third the usual charge.

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Maugham, all I have to do is to pay for the exclusive know-how. There are courses in how to teach household pets obedience, how to electrify the House of Commons with oratory, how to become a strong man like Houdini, how to become a housewife, a midwife, and a person of the most magnetic personality known to history. But courses of this type should not be confused with those offered by the serious institutions. These have been for many years a most important supplement to the responsibilities of the Ministry of Education and the local authorities. All kinds of courses for entry to the universities and the professions are available, as well as courses for honours and general degree examinations of every type. In the industrial field, there is a remarkable range of vocational subjects offered. The foundry-worker, fifteen years on the job, may want to learn the theory of his "line." Bank managers, sanitary inspectors, workers in firms of accountants and lawyers, all have examinations to pass and qualifications to earn if they are to gain promotion. Woodworkers take up carpentry and joinery courses; designers, planning engineers or toolroom men study metallurgy; while PC 49 earns promotion by taking courses on those qualities of character and training which make the good inspector.

Once the course is finished there comes the reward—a degree, a diploma, a certificate in the form of a most ornate parchment—*the right to put letters after one's name* (sometimes eighteen of them, meaningless to anybody outside the college awarding them and quite incomprehensible as "work guides" to the industrialists who may employ the "graduates"). Nevertheless, this is a great moment in the life of every student. University men may dismiss it all as a travesty of the real thing; but so long as intellectual vested interests and Government policy continue to be faint-hearted in their approach to the whole field of further education outside the universities, correspondence colleges will continue to flourish.

This being the case, one might well ask whether the Ministry of Education should not have some rights of control and inspection? Certainly the "trade" itself should form its own association, to maintain standards and weed out what some of the more powerful brethren have described as "bogus institutions." On educational grounds alone, I should have thought the Ministry would want to know whether advertising claims were accurate, whether the course material is adequate, whether the standard of marking is good enough for the examination in view. Does "95 per cent. passes, only 5 per cent. *complete* failures," for instance, mean 95 per cent. of those who embark on the course or 95 per cent. of the very small *élite* who have stubbornly worked to the end? What does "No pass—no fee" really mean? All too often the marking of students' scripts is indecipherable, inadequate or haphazard; and this prompts the accusation that much of the marking is done by grossly underpaid freelancing M.A.s in their spare time. As for the sending of printed "model answers," it is the surest way of putting many a student off the course. And it is precisely at that point that the college accountant begins to function.

Learning by post has serious limitations as a teaching medium, but it continues to be the one road of advancement open to many thousands of students each year. It may well be that Her Majesty's Inspectors, who are now advancing on the independent schools, should detach a cohort to investigate the educational wares and methods offered to the public by the correspondence colleges.

DAVID HARDMAN

Alcoholism in France

ONE of the most popular British misconceptions about France is that Frenchmen rarely, or never, overdrink. In reality, alcoholism is one of France's greatest social and moral problems. Yet its full extent has only recently been revealed by a series of Government-sponsored reports, which have provoked considerable comment and have inspired the emergency legislation which has just been published by the French Government.

Broadly speaking, these reports show that alcoholism is now more common in France than in any other country for which figures are available. Consumption of alcohol *per capita* is twice as great as in any other country, and three times as great as in Britain. Consumption per adult has reached the level of 28 litres of pure alcohol a year, compared with 14 litres in Italy (the next highest) and 8.5 litres in Britain. According to calculations made by the French Institute for Demographic Studies, 23.2 litres a year represents the maximum level of alcohol consumption compatible with health. In other words, *average* adult consumption in France is some 20 per cent. above the danger mark.

The seriousness of the situation can also be measured in financial terms. In France, according to U.N. statistics, out of every $100 of national revenue, $4.1 is spent on alcoholic drinks, against $0.7 in Great Britain. According to a survey made last year, £585 million was spent on alcoholic drinks in France during 1950, representing nearly 9 per cent. of total wages and salaries. The cost of alcoholism to the State has also increased. Some 23 per cent. of the inmates of French asylums are alcoholics, and this proportion is rapidly increasing: at one institution, for instance, the number of alcoholic cases admitted increased from 30 in 1947 to 126 in 1951. According to French hospital statistics, deaths from cyrrhosis of the liver increased from 3,490 in 1946 to 10,860 in 1952. In one Paris hospital, admissions under this category rose from 3 to 50 a year.

The tragic situation revealed by these statistics is largely the product of a French economic phenomenon: over-production of wine. At the end of the 19th century, the phylloxera crisis led many French wine-growers, subsidised by the State, to migrate to Algeria. By the early 1900s there were already 150,000 hectares of vineyards in Algeria, and this figure has now risen to nearly 400,000. Meanwhile, the introduction of phylloxera-resistant vines solved the crisis in Metropolitan France, and at the same time increased yields from 12 to 20 per cent. The resultant surplus production of low-quality wine—which averaged 12 million hectolitres a year during the period 1950-53, or something like 17 per cent. of the total production—has led to widespread distress in the wine-growing areas, which only the permanent intervention of the State has solved. Since the First World War, the Government has regularly bought up, at prices fixed by Parliament, alcohol distilled from wine. To this has been added State purchases of industrial alcohol distilled from beetroots, in quantities which have increased from 1 million hectolitres in 1914 to some 3 million today.

The financial burden to the State is about £18 million a year. But the political consequences of the system are more far-reaching. In order to maintain this form of State subsidy, the wine and beetroot growers have formed themselves into powerful and well-organised lobbies capable of bringing decisive pressure on the Government the moment their interests are threatened. Not unnaturally, they have made common cause with the big apéritif interests, and with the representatives of the *bouilleurs de cru*. This latter group consists of some 3 million peasants licensed to distil alcohol in small quantities, and its existence is the main cause of alcoholism in the non-wine-bearing areas of France, notably Brittany and Normandy. All these interests have combined, until last week's new decree-laws, to keep the duty on alcoholic drinks at a low level, and to erect legislative barriers against non-alcoholic drinks.

Since the war, no Government has been able to defeat this powerful combination in pitched battle. The number of Deputies belonging to the alcohol lobbies has been calculated at from 60 to 70; but they form an inter-party group, particularly strong among the Independents, the Gaullists and the M.R.P., and in practice they can usually bring down a government which threatens their interests. The lobby rarely shows its hand openly, preferring to overthrow a Government on other matters rather than on a vote directly concerned with alcohol. Hence, M. Pinay was defeated in December, 1952, before he could bring in a Bill increasing duty on alcoholic drinks by 20 per cent. Five months later, M. René Mayer was defeated because he proposed to submit anti-alcohol legislation, but the decisive vote was not taken on the texts themselves.

The parliamentary dictatorship exercised by the alcohol lobbies would be unable to survive were it not for the very considerable support they receive from the general public. This favourable climate of opinion is itself, at least in part, the result of massive and continuous propaganda, often assisted by the Government itself. As recently as 1939, a Minister of Education encouraged the distribution in all the schools of a leaflet carrying a quotation from Pasteur—"wine is the most healthy and hygienic drink"—and an analytical table claiming to show the calorific value of wine. Such grotesque abuses of power are no longer possible today, but they have been replaced by modern advertising methods. These, it should be added, are partly financed by the State, since the *Comité pour la Propagande du Vin* receives a large annual subsidy, originally designed to promote the export trade, but in practice used largely for internal purposes. (The State also gives an annual subsidy to anti-alcoholic associations, but this is only one-twentieth the size.) Corporations selling or manufacturing alcoholic drinks form the biggest group of advertisers in France, and they do not hesitate to bring financial pressure on newspapers which publish articles attacking the *régime des alcools*. To my knowledge, one magazine received six cancellations of advertising contracts within three days of publishing an article on alcoholism in France. Such instances are rare, simply because publishers are, as a rule, unwilling to take risks.

As a result, the French public is grossly misinformed both on the extent and the causes of alcoholism. The most common belief is that wine-drinking, even when excessive, rarely causes alcoholism, but that, on the contrary, it gives energy and stamina and is essential in heavy manual occupations. According to public opinion polls, some 88 per cent. of Frenchmen share this view, and 85 per cent. believe that wine is good for the health. When asked to estimate how much wine a manual labourer could safely drink, the replies varied from between 1.75 and 3.5 litres a day. In short, despite the fact that excessive wine-drinking—as opposed to the drinking of *alcools*, or spirits—is the main cause of alcoholism

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in France (being directly responsible in some 55 per cent. of treated cases) this aspect of the problem is precisely the one least understood by the general public. Any attempt to strike at the heart of the matter is bound, therefore, to come up against widespread and rooted opposition.

Even the Government's new decrees seem to have played down the problem of wine as distinct from spirits. Three months ago, M. Mendès-France set up a committee to study the problem; its preliminary proposals have now been embodied in a series of decree-laws published last Saturday. These include a 20 per cent. increase of duty on "hard" alcoholic drinks, drastic control of licences issued to *bouilleurs de cru*, an inspection service to counter illicit distilling and the introduction of early-morning licensing hours. They further provide for the establishment of a special committee to study long-term measures for the conversion of surplus vineyards. Revolutionary as they are, the decrees are only the thin end of what is likely to be a very thick wedge, and they will certainly arouse strong opposition both among the public and in Parliament. The Government is therefore proceeding as tactfully as circumstances permit. As the Minister of Agriculture told a meeting of wine-growers last week: "Naturally, we are not attacking the wine-growers . . . as is universally recognised, wine sharpens the brain." At the same time, it is clear that M. Mendès-France is not prepared to modify the decrees at the request of Parliamentary pressure groups, and that he will, if necessary, make their acceptance an issue of confidence.

Paris PAUL JOHNSON

Down in the Valleys

MR. W. R. WILLIAMS is a man you would be proud to meet. He has clear, wise eyes, a face full of dignity and an impressive mind. We walked through his native Ystradgynlais, in South Wales, a nest of collieries in a lovely countryside, and he talked to me about the history of his valley, of the miners' sufferings and struggles.

"But it is not the same today." So Mr. Williams and many others told me. The complaint is heard everywhere in South Wales. The old spirit is dying out. There is no fire in the youngsters, no sacrificial hunger for knowledge. Television, the cinema and the holiday camp, the colourless, cultureless, American-patterned life of the mid-twentieth century is on the way in, and the famous culture of the South Wales mining community is on the wane. Is this true?

It is true that life in the valleys is not what it was. There are many who dream of the days, celebrated by the novelist Gwyn Thomas, when men roamed the bare hilltops talking with the fire and thunder and poetry and bitterness of Biblical prophets, on history, art, economics, on the nature and destiny of man. "Those days are gone," a miner said to me. "And good riddance." For the men who roamed the hilltops were unemployed, or on strike. The fierce, unnatural light of their insight was generated by hunger. Those were the days when —I quote another miner—"we had to work like dogs and fight like tigers." It was the savagery of his employers, the indifference of the State to the corroding misery of unemployment, the vile housing to which he was condemned, the blight on his children's health, that turned the miner into an acute thinker, a bold questioner, a fiery preacher of social change. If he wanted to bring a little light and dignity into his life, he had to do it himself, sharpening his own mind with reading and debate, forming his choirs to express and overcome sorrow with song. If he wanted to escape from the pits, he must educate himself. If he wanted to equip himself to help his fellow-miners in their fight for progress, he must educate himself. Hence men like Mr. Williams.

And today? Without the lash of suffering to drive him on, will the miner stop striving towards the light? One man who answered, "No," was Mr. Vincent Lea, a miner at the Ynisedwyn Colliery and a parish councillor. He asked me if I had seen the splendid new Comprehensive school in the village, a place of sunlight and laughter where the children are not only given a formidable education in "official" subjects, but are taught the enjoyment of a full, cultured life. The local children have their own dramatics, their ballet group and Youth Orchestra. "Education? When I was a boy, each of us had to struggle for it on his own, make sacrifices for it. Now our children enjoy it as their right."

Yes, that is the obsession today in the mining village. That is the channel into which the old fanatical purpose now flows. There is a tall ladder of education which every child is free to climb. There are good wages in the pits, so that the father can let his children go on to a higher education. The miners are working for their children. And this is one of the reasons behind Mr. Arthur Horner's recent statement that "it would be foolish to regard more than twenty per cent. of miners' sons as potential recruits for the mining industry." What of it? We cannot tie miners' sons to the pits, like serfs.

Meanwhile, there is one vastly encouraging fact about the rush of miners' children into higher education. Once the miner would only let his children go into white-collar jobs. Embittered by his own experience, he wanted them, as one miner told me, "to have soft hands." Now many more young people from the valleys are going in for higher technical education. They will become engineers, surveyors, architects, health experts, mining technicians. Vincent Lea wants his eleven-year-old boy to go in for engineering. A record number of students now enrol at Cardiff University for courses in mining technique.

These students will come back to the valleys where they were born, and some of them will one day run the pits in which their fathers cut coal. For there is a splendid characteristic about these young people of South Wales. Unlike the Scots, they do not, for the most part, go afield to seek their fortunes. They return to their homes. Everywhere I met teachers, journalists, doctors, who did not consider themselves as a caste apart, labelled "intellectuals," as happens elsewhere, but who lived and worked as friends and neighbours among their own folk, the miners. Is this not the basis for a true culture?

Of course, the miner today goes in for television and the pictures and the holiday camp. Does this make him less of a cultured man? You would not think so if you saw the bookshelves that many miners showed me; or if you had been with me in a pub in Treorchy and heard the performances of the Male Voice Choir being debated with as fierce and universal an interest as the scores of the local rugger team; or if you had heard a local miners' leader describing how the men of three lodges had raised £2,000 towards the National Eisteddfod expenses by a voluntary levy upon their wages; of if you had sat with me and watched the faces of the Ystradgynlais miner Dai Roberts and his wife Nancy, while their daughter Caryl played us Bach preludes and Beethoven sonatas on the piano. Something may be dying in the valleys. But something else is growing.

ALEXANDER BARON

General Workers

SINCE the end of the war, the two big general workers' unions have been the target of much criticism as ponderous, undemocratic organisations. Recent disputes have drawn attention to the Transport Workers; the public is much less informed about the way that the National Union of General and Municipal Workers is organised. Now, some valuable material on the N.U.G.M.W. has been provided by Mr. H. A. Clegg, whose book* is none the less useful because his sympathies in this matter lie clearly with Mr. Tom Williamson and his colleagues.

It is a big union, of over 800,000 members, organising an enormous range of trades, and its membership now includes many semi-skilled workers. At the bottom of the pyramid are the branches—about 2,250. Some of them are very large; in 1947, sixty-four of them had over 2,000 members, or more than a quarter of the entire membership of the union. Since nearly one-fifth of the members' contribution is retained as commission for the collectors and the branch secretaries, it is possible for about eighty branches to maintain full-time secretaries. Clearly this puts a good deal of power into the hands of these secretaries, especially as some branches rarely meet and others have only a very small attendance. Now the union rules require that branches elect, in the first instance, all full-time officials, members of the district councils, and delegates to the union's annual congress, as well as any new General Secretary. In these elections, which may be by show of hands, the branch votes its full paid-up membership: Mr. Clegg does not say whether, if a branch does not meet, its vote can be registered by its full-time secretary. Less than half the branches normally make valid returns.

Apart from the wide powers that the leadership can use to deal with branches—without giving any reason, it may "take such action" as may be "deemed expedient in the interests of the union, including suspension or dissolution—there are strict rules which forbid branches to communicate with each other or members to attend other branches without approval, thus providing further insurance against concerted "unofficial" action. Moreover, the rules provide for disciplinary action against any member who associates himself "with any attack on the union or its officials"—and Mr. Clegg thinks this can be and sometimes is loosely interpreted. The union's fear of secret Communist penetration "so easily leads to the branding of any independently minded person as a 'fellow-traveller.'"

There is another curious fact about these full-time branch secretaries. They are regarded as "lay members," which means that they may sit on district committees, the General Council of the union and its National Executive, and attend its own annual congress, the T.U.C. and the Labour Conference as lay delegates, even though they are effectively employees of the union and liable to dismissal from above. It is possible for there to be a majority of such full-time "lay members" on elected committees or delegations. In 1950, there was a proposal before the union congress to classify full-time branch secretaries as full-time *officials*—it was defeated by 188 to 142 —that would have made them ineligible to hold positions specifically reserved for lay members.

It is quite clear that, between them, the full-time officials and the full-time branch secretaries have effective control of the union organisation. At the crucial level—the district—it is the

* GENERAL UNION. By H. A. Clegg. *Basil Blackwell*. 27*s*. 6*d*.

Instead of 'clatter' it goes 'wumph'

THE MORNING PAPER announces itself to the British family by a discreet click of the letter-box. In the United States the headlines come sailing through the air to land with a thud on the porch. Yet however they arrive, these newspapers share more than the bond of language.

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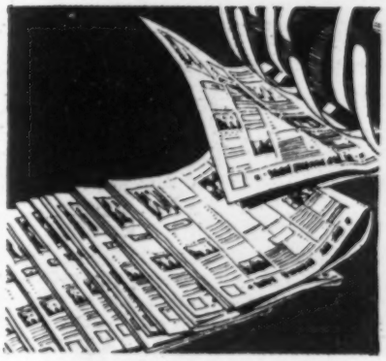

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district secretary who dominates; he is guided by a district council, but this "not very important body," in Mr. Clegg's phrase, may meet only twice a year, and "most of its decisions give formal approval to what has been done elsewhere." Members of the N.U.G.M.W. who ask how their delegates are elected to the T.U.C. and the Labour Conference will learn from this book that they are chosen by these district councils; it is thus very hard, if not impossible, for minority or "opposition" opinion to find a place on these delegations. Even if someone with such views were chosen, he would not be able to express them. There is a tradition at the T.U.C. that delegates may state a personal view, even in opposition to their delegation. The N.U.G.M.W., however, "has maintained a disciplined front"; in 1942, when a delegate spoke out of turn, Mr. Clegg tells us, "the leaders of the union openly revealed their disapproval and the delegate was not chosen to represent the union again."

The district secretaries, moreover, sit on the General Council of the union, and occupy half the places on its National Executive. Like other officials, once chosen, they are not subject to re-election. The N.U.G.M.W., which sets a rather higher standard of training and salary for its officials than many other unions, normally appoints its officials from above; after a probationary period of up to two years, they are required to submit themselves for election. Often they are unopposed; not one has ever lost an election. And as an official moves up in the hierarchy, he is never again required to face an election unless he runs for the office of General Secretary on the retirement or death of the incumbent. There is, obviously, a tightly-knit group of officials who form an efficient machine.

There is an important difference between the N.U.G.M.W. and the Transport Workers, often overlooked when they are jointly criticised. Though both are said to be too large and unwieldy to maintain effective contact with their members, it is the T. & G.W. which seems to have serious difficulties with rebellious rank-and-file, such as London busmen and dockers. The main reasons, I believe, are that the T. & G.W. has a less rigid discipline, that it is organised into trade sections (not like the N.U.G.M.W. which is divided into ten districts) and that the members of a trade section can combine more easily for unofficial action than can the heterogeneous and dispersed members of Mr. Williamson's union.

I have already shown how delegates to the T.U.C. and the Labour Conference are chosen. How are they mandated? It is the Executive which selects one or two of the motions passed at the union's own congress—they may or may not have originated in one of the branches—and puts them down for the T.U.C. or Labour Conference. The Executive may also frame a motion of its own. But what of general issues of policy—say nationalisation of chemicals, or German rearmament, elections to the T.U.C. General Council or the Labour Executive? Who decides how the block vote shall be cast? Once again it is the Executive. Where it has a ruling from its own union congress, it takes that as a guide; on other issues, either the Executive instructs the delegation how to vote or, on a question that comes up suddenly, the delegates themselves decide. Since these include the General Secretary and the other most influential leaders of the union, the decisions in fact are taken at the top.

Size is important to a union which has no craft monopoly to give it bargaining power, and discipline is needed to hold members together in trades which are difficult to organise or in union branches whose members have little in common with each other. It is understandable that successive leaders of the union, from Mr. Clynes onwards, have rejected ideas of the class struggle and preferred the doctrines of "business unionism." For successful bargaining with employers they need "good relations"; they can claim, with justice, that when a N.U.G.M.W. official makes an agreement, it is kept, and the employer can be sure that if he is faced with "unofficial" action, the union will discipline troublesome members.

This attitude, contrasting sharply with the assumptions of some of the craft unions, has led to a good deal of inter-union friction, not least in the engineering industry. Not unnaturally, it helps determine the position of the N.U.G.M.W. on wider issues, such as wage restraint. Where boilermakers or electricians, for instance, are able to make gains by threatening or taking direct action, a union which represents everyone from flax processors to the makers of horticultural pottery is bound to be cautious; it has a complex pattern of agreements to observe and, in many cases, has to depend on its influence on Trade Boards and Wages Councils to advance wages in firms on which it can exert little "industrial" pressure. It follows that it is often more interested in State financial or social policy—subsidies, for instance, or price controls or taxation reliefs—than are craft unions which, in the last resort, have more immediate means of raising the standards of their members.

The N.U.G.M.W. is built and run on assumptions that are different from those held by other unions and by the majority of individual members of the Labour Party. And so long as those assumptions remain unchanged, to criticise its rules and the way its machinery is operated by officials who hold those assumptions is to limit debate to consequences, not causes. One may conclude from Mr. Clegg's book that the structure of power within the N.U.G.M.W. is such that members cannot and do not have much control over their officials and their union's political and industrial policies. The question which he does not try to answer—because he has not made a systematic inquiry at branch level—is whether or not they are satisfied with things as they are.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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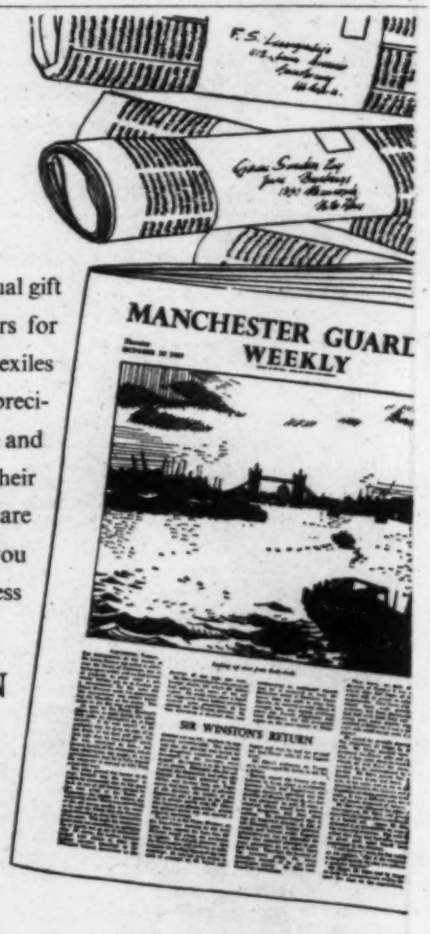

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Travels Truscott West Away

I ONLY knew Truscott for a brief six weeks during the war, but he is always cropping up in my mind. We joined the Navy in the same rabble, and went for our training to a converted holiday camp on the East Coast, a depressing place of chicken wire and crumbling plaster, where the wind blew mercilessly, and a few peeling billboards still said HELLO CAMPERS, HELLO. Truscott seemed cast officially for ridicule: he was round-shouldered, stooping, and giant-footed. His face drooped, and he mumbled and peered. Yet to everything that came his way, taunts included, he showed a mighty indifference; even to his uniform, which hung from him like a tarpaulin. He had no small talk. He never asked a question, and barely answered one. In the mail, all he ever got was an unintelligible weekly postcard, a move in the perpetual chess game he carried on with his grandfather in Mull. His main activity was knotting. Off duty, he sat on his bunk for hours behind his spectacles, knotting a ball of twine into torrents of experimental knots—Turk's Heads, Elizabethan Fish-holds, Scottish Cardigan Knots. He also knotted belts and nets, and had

designed, but not yet initiated, a knot shirt. To me, he was a true knotsman; because, ten minutes before Lights Out, he would swiftly and masterfully untie his evening's experiments, wind up the twine with care, and go to sleep in his socks.

It was only by accident that I penetrated this profound barrier of knots, chess, and silence. The fifth week in the crescendo of our training was given over to seamanship, the backbone of which was daily boat-pulling, from 8 a.m. until noon. Twelve of us sat in pairs in an unwieldy naval cutter, manhandling huge oars, under the eyes and orders of a coxswain, who stood upright at the tiller. Throughout our week on the ornamental lake deserted by the happy campers, I pulled the bow oar, on the port side. Beside me sat Truscott, wordless as usual.

Our coxswain was a small wizened Petty Officer, Prout by name, who told us with pride, but without explanation, that he was the only man in the Navy with a certificate to prove his sanity. He fairly flayed us with his tongue as we pulled our way from the Monday to the Saturday of boat-pulling week. We were bending our backs over the last half-hour when—I cannot guess why—Prout began idly to count the oars. Abruptly, on a stroke, he gave us "Rest oars," an order which we always executed with singular efficiency. Then: "Chapman, count the oars." Chapman, a pet sheep with nautical ambitions, obeyed with enthusiasm.

"How many?"

"Eleven, sir." A curious sound, something like a death rattle, came from Prout's throat. Then: "Raise your oars in turn, starting for'ard." My oar was last but one, and I heaved it up with a dry, unhappy feeling. Then: "Truscott?"

"Haven't got an oar, sir." Truscott's soft mumble. For, by some chance, our cutter lacked a twelth oar.

Prout, whose temper broke daily on the slightest provocation, had no extra resources of rage for this. The boat floated heavily with the weight of the silence. Amazed, we heard Truscott expound clearly and at length on the priority of Prout's favourite rule—that no member of a boat's crew should ever speak unless first addressed by the coxswain. It was more than we had ever heard him say. Prout's face was a dangerous colour. We rowed back to the landing-stage with the excitement that precedes doom.

Truscott and the Petty Officer were away for a long time. But when Truscott did shuffle back to the hut, he told us simply that nothing had happened; and he gave me a single glance. And nothing did happen, except that Prout ignored him for the remainder of our training. I understood what his glance meant, and I never told what I knew; which was that all week Truscott had sat next to me, furthest from the coxswain, with the backs of the rest of the crew to him, oarless. He had rocked back and forth magnificently, vigorously, gracefully, in time with the stroke. Perhaps even Prout now appreciated the audacity of his performance; though I doubt it.

During the last week, I was admitted once or twice to what I felt was an audience with Truscott. He never mentioned the rowing. He showed me a new tasselling knot he had invented. He told me that his grandfather had almost lost the current chess game, through stupidly relying on a defence taught him by his grandson. Then one evening he took from his kitbag a small black box. As he opened it, he looked at me sleepily through his big glasses. "You interested in trains?" he asked.

I said that I was, not daring to end the conversation.

"Where d'you live?"

I told him. "Then I suppose you travel to Edinburgh?" He fumbled in his box and produced a first class single ticket from London to Edinburgh, unused. "A present," he mumbled. "Your best trains are the 9.04 from Kings Cross, or the 9.52 Night Scot." The black box was crammed with tickets, scissors, stencils, tiny pens, and the like. I began to realise that the boat-pulling episode had been a bagatelle to Truscott. He had devised elaborate systems for travelling all over the British Isles by train, and his methods had all the patience of his knotting about them. He rebuilt old tickets, repairing punch-holes, completing scripts, altering dates, sometimes even constructing new tickets. He had, he hinted, the means of outwitting the most vigilant conductors. There was nothing dishonest about it; he was a most upright man. But he felt bound to assert his own uniqueness in motion as in rest, and the railway companies were merely providing him with a hobby worthy of his contemptuous intelligence. If the Navy had ordered him to proceed independently through the Kiel Canal, he would have gone by train, quietly and ticketlessly. Instead, however, they expected him to row round and round an ornamental lake.

Recently, I found Truscott's ticket at the back of a desk. I had never used it, I think simply because I wasn't Truscott. I last saw him shuffling along the platform on leave, probably armed with a battery of tickets which would take him on whim to Truro or Tobermory, in time to checkmate his grandfather, or else to some small Welsh station, with its name spelt in shells or sea-pinks. He had a ball of twine in his hand for the journey.

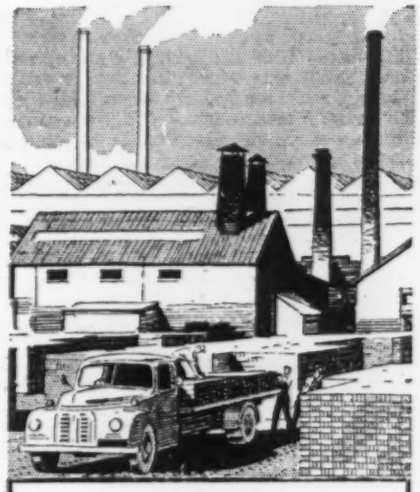
ALASTAIR REID

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO SYMPHONIES

EVERY time Edmund Rubbra produces a symphony I cherish the hope that this time I shall be able to surrender completely to his spell—for spell is not too strong a word to describe the effect made by certain passages in these works, more especially by their opening pages. I believe it was of the beginning of his Fourth Symphony that Vaughan Williams understandably remarked: "It is enough to make one fall in love with music all over again." Of Rubbra, as of Bruckner, we may say that, if the rest of his symphonies were equal to his openings, they would rank among the world's noblest music; and that is just what many compatriots of the two composers actually claim.

Rubbra's Sixth Symphony was introduced last week at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. It begins with seventeen simple and magically beautiful bars of Lento introduction; these lead into a movement which can be loosely called pastoral by virtue of its themes, its orchestral colour, its time-signature (6/8), and even its key (F major). Much of this movement is delightfully fresh, but when we reach the second subject, doubts begin to stir. Those who were at the concert will find a few bars of this subject (in D flat, scored for woodwind only) quoted in the course of the composer's programme note: enough to suggest the academic style of the contrapuntal writing at this point. Rubbra's counterpoint is generally bolder than this; but an excessive faith in counterpoint for its own sake has always been a hindrance to his symphonic thinking, and a potent cause of the unattractive and unyielding texture which is apt to appear in the central sections of his symphonic movements. In Rubbra, a rare lyrical poet is too



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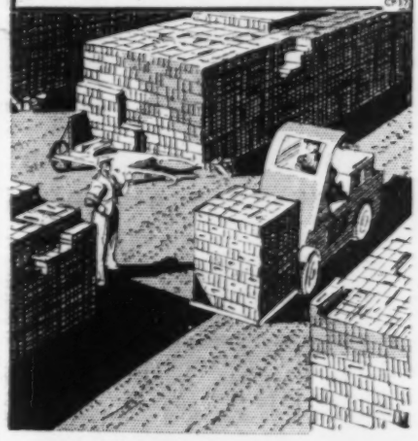

often submerged beneath layers of the best and most highly esteemed polyphony. A polyphonic style is, in fact, better suited to chamber music than to a large modern orchestra; and perhaps for that reason Rubbra's Second Quartet makes a more satisfactory whole than any of the symphonies, while the lyrically contemplative side of his nature is most fully revealed in his choral and religious music, notably in his St. Dominic Mass and in his ravishing *Song of the Soul*.

In the second movement of the new symphony the lyrical poet comes, for once, into his own. This movement, called Canto, is prefixed with some lines from Leopardi's wonderful sonnet, *L'Infinito*; and here Rubbra has allowed himself to sink into a pure trance of ecstatic contemplation. From this we are rudely awakened by a Scherzo which is surely made of more commonplace stuff; nor did the Finale seem, at a first hearing, to regain the lost heights of the opening.

On Sunday last, the B.B.C. invited Andrzej Panufnik to conduct a studio performance of his *Sinfonia Rustica*, which won a prize in Warsaw in 1949. Panufnik, who escaped to this country last summer, is a very interesting composer. I remember having been deeply impressed by the *Lullaby for 29 strings and 2 harps* which was performed at Amsterdam during the I.S.C.M. Festival of 1948; even more striking is an orchestral *Nocturne* of which several performances have lately been given either in public or on the air. The pattern of the Nocturne—a single huge curve—recurs in the third movement of the symphony, in which firm steel lines of melody stand out against a soft background of mysteriously tangled sound. I am not sure whether the title "Rustica" implies the use of folksong material, but I felt that the first movement relied too heavily on four-square rhythms which suggests imperfectly assimilated folksong; the movement is, however, diversified by a curious feature which recurs, with great effect, throughout the symphony—the gentle, almost tender clashing of minor ninths and seconds. The second movement is a delicately scored Intermezzo; the last is turbulent, and filled with the dashing and heroic spirit that we associate with the sad history of Poland. If as a whole the symphony hardly fulfilled the hopes aroused by the shorter pieces, it contained some strangely vivid and imaginative music.

At an English Opera Group Wigmore Hall concert, Peter Pears was in fine voice; his programme of English songs, accompanied by George Malcolm (harpiscord) or by Julian Bream (lute and guitar), included two new or recent works. Priaulx Rainer's unaccompanied setting of three prose passages from Donne's *Devotions* (including the famous lines about the passing bell) were interesting and sensitive; yet they detracted from, rather than added to, the incomparable music of the words. Paul Dehn and James Bernard collaborated in a song-cycle called *Shepherd's Warning*, specially written and composed for this concert. Mr. Bernard writes clearly and sympathetically for both voice and guitar; his cycle began arrestingly, and contained one fresh and charming lyric ("The Bright Bird"). But it was noticeable that, if (as in "The Riverbed") the poet nodded, the composer too lost the air of spontaneity which is his greatest asset.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE ART OF THE DIRECTOR

THE producer, or director as it is less muddling to call him, is now accepted in our theatre, not merely as a luxury but as a necessity. But he is still young in his trade and still feeling his way about. Not much is written about his problems or his aims, and so Mr. Hugh Hunt's stimulating *The Director in the Theatre* (Routledge, 10*s.* 6*d.*), is very welcome. My colleague Mr. Richard Findlater has laid it down that the producer is, or should be, a Monster. Mr. Hunt would not, I think, claim to be that. But he is an artist and his approach is sensible, modest and open-minded. He considers the job of directing in relation first to the Art of the Theatre then in turn to the author, the actor and the public. The final responsibility of the director, he concludes at the end of his first lecture, is to see that the co-ordinated finished work, the collaboration between author, actor, designer and technicians, shall be as far as he can make it a work of theatrical art; and this a good director can achieve for the whole, he argues, even if none of the separate elements can be said to achieve it by themselves. To put it at its extreme, even a musical, with second-rate words and music (considered on their own merits) can be turned into a work of theatrical art by the direction.

This statement of belief brings him up against the primary problem, that of the producer's responsibility to his author. We congratulate him if he makes something first-rate out of second-class material (for instance, something like Mr. Peter Brook's production a few years ago of *Dark of the Moon*). But how far are we prepared to carry this? How far are we going to allow him the liberty of "making something" out of, say, Shakespeare? It is all very well for the critics to cry out "No! No! Shakespeare needs no production. Let the verse speak for itself." That, outside of a reading, is simply impossible. Every production of Shakespeare is in fact an interpretation of the play by its director—or the leading actor functioning as a director. Mr. Hunt claims what seems at first a reasonable licence; it is the business of the director to form a conception of the play, a conception that brings it alive for a contemporary audience. He is free to interpret it as he feels it, "provided he is working from an inner conviction as an artist, and not merely as a showman intent on drawing the crowd."

Here, I think, Mr. Hunt is walking round the issue. Certainly, in the last analysis, all we can do is estimate whether or not the director has succeeded in realising the work as a work of art or not. But before we reach that point there are a number of other criteria to judge by. It is significant, I think, that Mr. Hunt, in dealing with the mechanics of Shakespearean production, does not give pride of place to the question of the verse and how it should be spoken. He seems to imply that any interpretation of Shakespeare honestly arrived at is permissible. But he is surely wrong, and there is one obvious check and guide, namely the poetic structure of the play in question; any interpretation, however brilliant, which does a violence to that, is wrong. But he does suggest to me why the present race of Shakespearean directors do so consistently overlook this problem. Isn't it because they have for several years been primarily absorbed with another—with the problem of achieving on the picture stage the flow and pace which nineteenth-century productions apparently lost? This has been the central problem of Shakespearean production these last thirty years. And it is a problem that is still worrying directors—though I feel unnecessarily, now. The permanent or semi-permanent set as it has been evolved in the last two decades can surely solve the problem perfectly adequately. But the most influential directors are now pressing further forward and wanting to substitute the platform stage for the pictorial. In this they are not only aiming at an even swifter flow of scene but also at a more "intimate communication" between actors and audience which they think will follow. About the importance of this I am not yet convinced, but I am certain of one thing. So long as the verse is as badly spoken as it is at present in general in our Shakespearean companies, no form of staging, "round," "arena," "platform," or "Elizabethan," is going to improve our Shakespearean productions. It is high time that actors and directors tried to face this.

All the same I think that those who feel most strongly about this are inclined to do less than justice to our present directors. Madnesses and impertinences are certainly committed, and Shakespeare is too often the sufferer, while elsewhere the showman too often perhaps ousts the artist. But taken by and large the standard of direction in this country is extraordinarily high, especially when we consider what a wide variety of gifts is demanded from the director:

> He must have the infinite tact of the ideal diplomatist, the infinite intelligence of the ideal dramatist and the infinite plasticity and sympathy of the ideal actor. He must have a talent for choreography and design, a sense of pictorial values and of musical composition, a wide literary knowledge and a penetrating historical imagination. He must be able to translate character, atmosphere and structure into terms of physical movement and inner action. . . . He must have a gift for leadership and intrigue, for holding power without abusing it, for enlightened hypocrisy and democratic autocracy.

That summary is taken from Mr. Richard Findlater's contribution to an interesting collection of essays, *Theatre Programme* (published by Muller at 15*s.*), in which a number of dramatic critics summarise intelligently and suggestively various aspects of the contemporary theatre (I found J. W. Lambert's essay on The Verse Drama and Ian Bevan's on Music Hall particularly interesting). Mr. Findlater stands out firmly for the monstrous directors, those who impose their recognisable style on a production, Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Peter Brook being the most obvious examples, and between these two he makes a number of acute comparisons. One thing is certain, that the director is now a fixture and that his power and influence are likely to grow. We must return to him again.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

WITH its positively unerring instinct for panicking in times of what it deems crisis, the B.B.C. surely made a public fool of itself when it suppressed the radio section of *The Critics* the other Sunday. Whatever its case may be, the outside world will probably go on believing that it is the function of critics to criticise. The B.B.C.'s were unfair, according to the Corporation, in seizing upon Sir Oliver Frank's first Reith Lecture for criticism; they should have confined themselves to discussing the idea of the Reith Lectures generally. Well, Sir Oliver has now broadcast three of his six lectures *Britain and the Tide of Word Affairs*, so perhaps it is no longer unfair to discuss them. "Each year," we may remind ourselves, "the B.B.C. invites some acknowledged authority in a particular field—sociology, literature, history, public affairs, economics—to undertake some study or original research and to give listeners the results of his work in a series of broadcasts." We may expect, then, something quite considerable from a series of Reith Lectures; we are even prepared not to understand, as when Dr. Oppenheimer delivered the Reith Lectures a year ago. Sir Oliver Franks is certainly an "acknowledged authority," but I am bound to say that, so far, his Reith Lectures, judged as Reith Lectures, have been vastly disappointing. The first, which lasted half an hour, would have made a perfectly acceptable fifteen-minute talk after the Nine o'clock News on Sunday evenings. In his second lecture, a consideration of Britain and the Commonwealth called *A Fellowship of Free Nations*, he was quite uncritical. There was no mention of the stresses and strains within the Commonwealth, no mention, significantly, of South Africa. The third lecture, *The Atlantic Bridge*, on our relations with the United States, was perhaps more interesting, but it was hardly less superficial. As an exposition of America, Mr. Alistair Cooke's talks do better with less fuss week after week. It is surely, for example, misleading to discuss McCarthyism without pointing out that it is merely the contemporary symptom of a disease that has been endemic in America for thirty years at least, and that that is where the danger lies.

It may well be that the actual quality of the current Reith Lectures had nothing to do with the B.B.C.'s decision to cut the Critics' discussion of the first of them. The B.B.C.'s attitude was that it was unfair to discuss the first lecture in isolation, without reference to what was to come. But a lecture, surely, even though one of a series, must be capable of standing by itself, and an in-

troductory lecture on a subject of great importance ought, one would think, to be the most exciting of them all. It is in the introductory lecture that the promises are made; the rest demonstrate whether the lecturer can fulfil his promises. But in the eyes of the B.B.C. half a dozen quite distinguished people and two very experienced producers misbehaved, and were withdrawn from the air. The outside world may be entirely wrong in thinking that here is another instance of the B.B.C.'s suppressing independent speech; but, behaving arbitrarily as it does, the B.B.C. must not complain if that is precisely what the outside world believes.

As for the half-dozen critics, a black mark may or may not be put down against them in the little black book which may or may not exist in Broadcasting House: no doubt they will watch further events with keen personal interest. But it will be the producers who take the rap. They always do. The producer is the inevitable scapegoat when despotism is displeased, the unlucky person beyond whom the buck cannot be passed. And in a very real sense the producer is defenceless; he has no Trade Union, no one to fight his battles; and he has no alternative employment of a like nature. Just now, producers are leaving the Television Service for the commercial companies. For more money? Perhaps. For greater scope? One hopes so. But may not a very real reason simply be their dissatisfaction with the circumstances in which they have to work in the B.B.C. itself?

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Beau Brummell," at the Empire
"Dangerous Woman," at the Cinephone
"The Garden of Evil," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

During his recent visit De Sica was presented to the Queen, who displayed (he assured us) an interest in Neo-Realism. Whether such is indeed her taste, we have, of course, no means of knowing. If it is, she must suffer cruelly whenever a new Royal Command performance comes along. The films shown on these occasions have sunk lower and lower: they seem now to be finding a level at what can only be called Near-Royalism.

The latest exhibit looks like a musical comedy with the tricks and the tunes left out. The excuse for parading it is, I suppose, that it concerns an ancestor: the Prince Regent. It may surprise us to discover that he had to choose between a crown and "the woman I love." However, that's nothing. Mr. Peter Ustinov plays the part, and that is a pleasure. He pouts and purrs; he's very very much of a fat pussy, licking up the cream of friendship and love, and if this fanciful portrait were buoyed up by events and personages equally entertaining no one would complain. The rest of the film certainly depends on fiction as does its royal principal, but a fiction so feeble and dreary that even the film-makers must have had doubts about putting it on celluloid.

And the real story, if they'd taken the trouble to look into it, might have been made fascinating. Brummell himself was a good showy rogue, who robbed and squandered and intrigued like his master, fell from favour, fled his creditors, was granted a minor consulate abroad, landed in jail, and in his final dereliction held court like a Napoleon in exile. Quite a catching figure. Would, could Mr. Stewart Granger have played him? Probably we shall never know; but he could manage a little better than he is allowed to here. This part of straw wouldn't provide chances for the best of actors, which he is far from being. "Beau" is given a zest for democracy and consumption of the most invidious kind; though how the two mix, and where the soapy old servitor and the "hero of our times" attitude come in, only the author of all this could explain—if there ever was an author. One pleasant if rather out-of-key passage is provided by the apparition of Mr. Robert Morley as the mad George III: not the best Morley, but it shines.

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John Buxton

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE

'A fine and scholarly work, full of infinite learning and based on the most elaborate researches.'—*Birmingham Post.* Illustrated. 18s.

If *Beau Brummell* slumps about as low as Anglo-American fancy can, *Dangerous Woman* plunges to the depths of the French feuilleton. Jean Gabin finds himself as a famous surgeon torn between a perfect wife and a murderous trapeze artist. Of course he submits to snake-love, and then his hand over the operating table starts to tremble. The wife takes things into her own hands by driving the mistress over a cliff at one hundred miles an hour: a well-judged tactic from which she emerges with hardly a scratch. It is only fair to add that the film has been severely cut, and deserves to be.

Once more a stock piece comes to the rescue. *The Garden of Evil* may not be outstanding as Westerns go; but it has Richard Widmark, Mexico, Indians held back for a long time and then dying most briskly, awkward meetings on mountain passes, and four men in CinemaScope with but a single thought—Susan Hayward. I quite enjoyed myself here, in a week that has claims to be the year's worst.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Café des Sports," at Sadler's Wells

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet opened the winter season with two of its newest works, *Café des Sports* and *The Lady and the Fool*, and also a revival of *Carnaval*. All these ballets have a gay charm and diverse qualities, but only the classic *Carnaval* gives satisfaction. The chief reason for this is in the initial construction of the ballet, for although it is broken up into a series of numbers, none is too long and each flows from the other, creating a fresh and delicious mood. By contrast *The Lady and the Fool* is slow and forced—forced because of the repetitive dances that seem to have been doled out for the reason that everyone must have a go. This over-balances the emotional theme which at its best should be delicately handled. Again, with *Café des Sports*, now shown for the first time in England, there is no proper form. Any attempt at light and shade disappears after the first half, and there is an almost continuous blare of sound and movement that blunts the senses. The scene is a French village (painted with an excellently rich unlikeness by Jack Taylor) which is invaded by an urchin and a fleet of racing cyclists. The local artists and bourgeoisie finally unite in cheering the urchin as substitute winner of the race. The trouble is that neither the joke nor the story develop, while cyclists, artists, urchin and café proprietors dash, whirl, wriggle and flop like a lot of desperate creatures caught in a net. Anthony Hopkins's music is not as witty as we every moment hope it is going to be, while Alfred Rodrigues somehow loses control of his choreography. But in the midst of the mêlée he has designed much clever and lively movement, giving hope of better things. If there could have been some fourth collaborator in these two modern works—such as Diaghilev was—one who could see the whole objectively, unbiased by a predilection for his own art, these light-weight ballets could have been conceived in a much finer artistic form.

A. F.

Wildenstein's and the Obelisk Gallery, Crawford Street, W.1

Of the nine British painters showing at Wildenstein's three are worth noticing: Edward Wakeford, George Hooper and William Halle. Wakeford and Hooper have both painted watercolours of Italy; the former with his usual wit—his pictures are as light, unnecessary and pleasurable as French pastries; the latter with rugged enthusiasm. In Halle's figure and landscape canvases his drawing and grasp of form are much stronger than they appear, their effect being weakened by over-worked textural colour. If he uses thinner pigment and works out his problems of selection before he paints instead of when he paints, he will produce powerful work. His picture of an unmade bed, the body of his *Woman at the Window* and certain passages in *The Labourer's Return* already show that he has a searching eye and a heart that cares.

The six young Parisian painters at the Obelisk have varied styles. There are, for instance, almost monochromatic Buffet-like landscapes as well as colourful Soutine-like still-lives. But all share a sense of grinding poverty—even when their colours are rich it is the richness of darkness and dilapidation. This development (both here and in France) is the result of the wretchedly difficult lives of the painters themselves and of a rather austere suspicion of the easy life. Yet on the whole the attitude of these young painters is only stoical so that their pictures take on much of the dreariness of their subject matter. One painting in this exhibition is more positive: a nude by Jean Jansem, simultaneously tender and protesting about the spirit of a young woman inhabiting a body as sharp and lean and under-nourished as that of a street dog.

"Rococo Art from Bavaria," at the Victoria and Albert Museum

It is dangerous to malign the Rococo. Within a generation the imperialists of *Künsthistorische* have established a powerful sphere of influence over this, as over so many other byways of art, and the art critic, not to speak of the general public, must suspend their private judgments. For the art historian (new style) as for the old-fashioned student of comparative religion, all professional phenomena have an equal significance. To deplore all these abdominal *putti*, to ask why St. Peter Damian looks such a coy Firbankian old fribble, to feel that the Pietà in St. Peter's arouses an emotion entirely lacking in any of the three by Franz Ignaz Günther on view here—this is to own oneself a barbarian. Yet to the true lover of Baroque—whether that style expresses itself in a sermon of Bossuet or in a Bernini fountain—Rococo seems little more than a charming excrescence, an outcrop of one of the resplendent silly seasons of European culture. Undoubtedly, it must be seen in its context, against a background of prince-bishops, a relaxing monasticism and a number of minor autocrats modelling themselves on Versailles. Meanwhile, the mute but mutinous visitor will admire the gilt commodes, the effigies, the church plate, the mirrors, the tapestries, above all, the wonderful Nymphenburg figurines.

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Correspondence

BYE-ELECTION TRENDS

SIR,—Labour's defeat in the West Derby bye-election, and the swing to the Conservatives of 1.54 per cent, confirm and form part of a new bye-election pattern which has emerged in the past six or seven years. It has long been an axiom that bye-elections show a swing against the Government of the day, which regains some, at least, of its lost support at the succeeding General Election. Until recently Governments took it for granted that they would lose seats in bye-elections: it was thought remarkable for the Labour Government of 1945-51 to traverse two Parliaments with only one technical loss. Since 1951, however, this conveniently simple picture has grown complicated. There has been no consistent swing against the Conservative Government. In 22 of the 38 contested bye-elections there has been a swing to the Tories; the only inter-party change has been a Conservative gain from Labour at Sunderland South. Conservative commentators have, understandably, concluded that the country is satisfied, and that, with the "normal" solidifying swing to the Government immediately before a General Election, their majority will increase.

It is generally agreed that support for the Government increased in the autumn of 1952. But these commentators, in assuming that this increase has been maintained, fail to account for some important discrepancies. It is remarkable, for example, that the Conservative percentage has risen in bye-elections when the public opinion polls have shown that Labour support in the country has increased substantially since the last General Election. Even if the Labour lead in the polls be ascribed to statistical and sampling errors, it seems odd that all the polls should have been subject to such errors. More difficult to explain have been the differences in the size of the swing in bye-elections held at about the same time, especially on the same day. Thus, Haltemprice and Harwich, which both polled on February 11, 1954, showed, respectively, pro-Tory swings of 3.65 per cent and 0.15 per cent. Sutton and Cheam, and Morpeth, which both polled on November 4, showed pro-Tory swings of 3.78 per cent. and 0.61 per cent. Bye-elections have taken no discernible course, such as there was, say, in 1937, when there was a clear anti-Tory swing, or in the first years of the 1945 Labour Government, support for which mounted rapidly and then waned dramatically. It is difficult to resist the conclusion, not that the old bye-election pattern is operating erratically, but that it has been replaced by a new one, distinct and logical.

Very low and very high polls are especially advantageous to Labour. The Labour landslide in the 1946 L.C.C. elections took place on a poll of 26.4 per cent. Labour's surprise near-miss in the 1951 General Election came from an 82.6 per cent. poll. Between these two extremes Labour does not do so well (the West Derby poll was 59 per cent.). Why is this so? The low poll consists of the solid, bed-rock vote, people who will come out without being taken in cars, without even being canvassed. Organisation does not affect them. The high poll consists of everyone who will vote. Taking into account deaths, sickness, removals, faulty registers and deliberate abstentions, a poll cannot be expected to go much above 85 per cent. Here, too, organisation has a negligible effect. On a poll of 82 per cent. the Tories in Birmingham, with a brilliant organisation, could gain only one seat in 1950. Between the extremes, very roughly between 40 and 80 per cent., the vote consists of a bed-rock plus the marginals—those who will come out when political enthusiasm produces a high poll, but who must be *got out* when there is apathy. It is here that the pattern has changed. Except at times of intense political activity, such as the end of 1947 or the beginning of 1949, bye-elections tend to be unexciting and interest in them low. Then organisation has its greatest chance. What changed the pattern was Lord Woolton's building-up of the Tory machines in the constituencies between 1945 and 1950. This more than counterbalanced the improvement in Labour organisation during this time.

Precisely when the pattern changed it is difficult to say. It had certainly happened by July, 1949, when Labour was puzzled to find that the Leeds West bye-election did not repeat the sensationally encouraging results of the preceding February and March. It may well have happened earlier. From the beginning of 1947 at latest, before the Tory constituency machine was perfected, an anti-Labour swing set in. When this political swing was accentuated by the effect of the Tory machine is uncertain. The last quarter of 1948, with the "Alamein" bye-election at Edmonton, where the Labour percentage went down by 14.79, seems likely, though the Edmonton result was complicated by aggravating local conditions. The new pattern has certainly been operating throughout this Parliament. In no constituency has the total vote risen. In almost all it has been between 40 and 80 per cent. It may be thought significant that the most considerable Labour percentage increase has been at Shoreditch and Finsbury, where the poll was at the bed-rock level of 40 per cent. A situation, then, has arisen in which, except in very low and very high polls, bye-elections will generally register, not an anti-Government swing, but an anti-Labour swing. Provided polls remain at their 1950 and 1951 levels, and provided there is no sharp political change, General Elections should see a swing back from this bye-election trend, not to the Government, but to the Labour Party, whether Government or Opposition.

How can Labour be sure of a poll high enough for its organisational shortcomings not to count? One answer may be that electors should be made to feel there is something to vote about. At West Derby the Labour candidate deliberately waged a negative campaign. The poll went down and the Tory majority went up. In May, 1953, the conventional campaign at Sunderland South resulted in a considerable reduction in the poll and a Tory gain. Next month, at Abingdon, a sharper campaign was mounted and the reduction in the poll was much less. But still the poll did go down, and there was a swing to the Conservatives. The reason may have been that a sharp bye-election campaign can be successful, not in isolation, but only if it flows logically from an aggressive strategy nationally. Here perhaps is a moral to add to the changed bye-election pattern.

GERALD KAUFMAN

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—Prior to the enactment of the United States McCarran Act (which included much-criticised sections restricting the ethnic character of American immigrants), there was a large and regular immigration of West Indians to America under the yearly British quota. Many of these people went to join relatives in America. In New York State alone there are some 300,000 West Indians, many of whom now constitute a considerable proportion of the Negro professional and property-owning class. For example, the first Negro Judge in New York was the late Judge Watson, an immigrant from Jamaica. Other people have also played an active role in the trade union movement.

Due to the differences in racial attitudes among West Indians and American Negroes, the West Indians in America have got ahead and have tended to take a strong stand against racial discrimination. As a group, the West Indians in America have helped to accelerate opposition to racist policies. Hence, the "anti-subversive" McCarran legislation has now curtailed West Indian immigration to 100 persons a year from each territory. With America all but closed to them, the West Indians have come to England, which they regard as their motherland, as a result of economic conditions.

The race problem in America would be non-existent today but for the traditional national policy of segregation, especially in the matter of housing. In those areas of any American city where the "ghetto" pattern of segregation has been broken down, and Negro and White live side by side on the same street, there is no evidence of racial friction. When Negroes have moved into so-called "White areas," friction has never appeared unless fomented by White bigots. We in England are in great danger of falling into a semblance of the American race

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

pattern (and this, assuredly, destroys the psychological balance of the White population more than the non-White) unless every one of us combats the idea of "Black belts" which will become segregated districts.

A coloured person, or family, is no "problem" so long as they live among their neighbours as individuals. But herd individuals of any group (and especially if they look different from the majority) into one street or one district where the majority look in on them from the outside and these individuals are turned into an unknown crowd who are feared because they seem "different." A myth is easily created about the group by a few prejudiced people who make the group the scapegoat for the real or imagined acts of a handful of individuals.

104 Kew Green. MARIE SETON

SIR,—Mrs. Mackay is quite right when she says that accurate data on the unemployment of Negroes in Britain cannot be obtained from employment exchange records. I pointed this out in a B.B.C. talk in 1952. But "a personal visit to every exchange in the country" could not yield precise information because (a) the branch offices do not keep separate figures for the employment of Africans and West Indians; (b) not all the unemployed go to the local exchange daily (or even weekly).

Mrs. Mackay does not quote the reliable sources on which she bases the assertion that "there is almost full employment among the 25,000 Jamaicans who have emigrated to this country." However, the impression I get from the published work of organisations such as P.E.P., the Conservative Party's Bow Group, and the Social Science department of Liverpool University, is that there are many West Indian Negroes who are "making ends meet" on the dole. And the position of Somalis and West Africans is at least as bad.

I am sorry if I gave the impression in my last letter that I was not aware that a section of the British press is already engaged in the process of re-education of the public. It is, however, a small section. If Mrs. Mackay can assure me that the *Express*, the *Mail*, and the *Telegraph* are converted to the idea of "racial unity" I should be delighted.

Of course, Mrs. Mackay and I agree on the fundamental questions involved in this correspondence. While further agreeing with her about the need for official action, may I say that a considerable body of exact knowledge of the circumstances of "Negroes in Britain" has accumulated in recent years, thanks to the work of Dr. Kenneth Little and his school of research workers in the University of Edinburgh. A public Commission set up to find ways and means of improving these circumstances, in their social and economic aspects, would be welcome.

OLU BASSIR

HORROR COMICS

SIR,—Miss Marghanita Laski appears to reveal beliefs about Society, through her comments on the "anti-Horror Comic campaign," which seem to me very dangerous.

The implications of her apparent belief that we should leave such publications to run riot because our whole society is already permeated with their standards, seem like a quiet call to suicide. Until the hydrogen bomb, etc., are outlawed, we are advised to leave lesser evils to themselves—although they are, perhaps, contributing to the greater ones.

Miss Laski holds the view, with many people, that there is some inherent evil in *banning* things. Why is it legitimate to allow cruelty and selfishness to stuff themselves down childrens' throats via the impersonal means of publishing Horror Comics, when it would be frightful, as everyone agrees, to do this systematically *via* the school or home? Protection of others from evil is surely a part of doing good; abstention from this is equally, surely, a part of doing evil? Particularly where children are involved. We protect them from drowning or from falling in the fire; why not from moral disasters? It would be pointless to assert that this is the job of individual parents and not of the State. If we do this we find ourselves committed to opposing the police-force, and many other things. Moreover, in the way Miss Laski well recognises, anything forbidden by parents tends to have added glamour for children, and especially if it is easily available outside the home. Most people do not, therefore, admit that "the banning of (certain) books" to children is an evil.

Then Miss Laski, in advocating an "inquiry to determine what is meant by harm and corruption," plunges into the deepest waters. She seems to have forgotten that this inquiry has been going on for thousands of years, conducted by the hard-working philosophers, and without a great measure of agreement. Surely she is not advising us to drop all efforts towards achieving our own (or Christ's) quite unproven "Vision of the Good" until all the philosophers and theologians shake hands and retire from the scene?

Meanwhile, the sort of evidence which ordinary humans use to decide what things they are "for" and what things they are "against" is good enough for me.

Odam Hill School, JULIAN BROTHERTON
South Molton, Devon.

SIR,—What a pleasure to read Miss Laski's sound letter on the latest witch-hunt.

It is worth notice, but not much noticed in the papers, that juvenile delinquency went down last year by thousands before any books were burned or authors gaoled.

Meanwhile the usual pressure groups had rushed all the churches, the press and M.P.s on all sides of the House into a panic demand for more censorship, more police raids. And the Government, in words so familiar to Nazi and Fascist ears, has promised strong action.

What is surprising is that all three parties claim to be heirs of the liberal tradition.

12 Parks Road, JOYCE CARY
Oxford.

SIR,—Amusing though Miss Laski's letter on Horror Comics was, may I be allowed to say that it missed the point at issue completely and absolutely. The people who have been campaigning against these Comics for so long do not advocate the "banning of books," nor, indeed, any new type of "censorship": merely the protection of children.

We do not allow our children to see any film—there are X and A certificates to safeguard them. Miss Laski does not, I hope, advocate the abolition of these certificates on the ground that they are censorship—which they are! We do not allow our children to drink what they like. Does Miss Laski advocate the opening of our public houses to children of all ages on the grounds that not to do so is an unwarranted interference with the liberty of the individual? Does Miss Laski suggest that we abolish the law which protects children under sixteen from any form of sexual exploitation?

In this country the "Comic" form is traditionally a young children's literary form, designed to help those who have difficulty in reading the adult literary form, the book. Let us keep it that way. If adults wish to read pornography they must make the effort, and read it in book form.

As for Miss Laski's suggestion that there should be "critical discussion of reading matter . . . in schools," I can assure her that it does take place. We also provide alternative reading of the type she suggests. But what of the children who cannot read with ease? Are they not to be protected because some perverted adults need their pornography served up on a dish, not only cooked but already chewed for them?

7 Braxted Park, S.W.16. BERYL AVRACH

MORALISTS AND IMMORALISTS

SIR,—That censorship has confined the authors of *The Immoralist* to a three weeks' run at a tiny theatre-club and forbidden the general public to visit it is oddly defended by a distinguished dramatist, my colleague N. C. Hunter. For this he has had to devise the rickety paradox of "truly liberal narrow-mindedness," supported by two precarious arguments.

A licence, he says, would have exposed the authors to the dreadful fate of public criticisms in Press and Parliament. There might have been letters signed "Disgusted." Someone might even have booed. Dear me! I can only say that, if Mr. Hunter prefers censorship to these hazards, then he is in a minority among writers. If we would reject free speech unless we can be insured against the occasional brickbat, we do not rate our civil liberties very highly.

His second argument asks us to believe that, had the play been licensed, no management would have dared present it, "threatened with the ugly cry of 'making-money-out-of-dirt'."

Are managements so easily intimidated? Is there such an instance on record? Are English managers so much more sensitive to foolish strictures than publishers, so much more timorous than their fellows in New York?

The management, who has presented Mr. Hunter's own excellent plays, recently presented *A Street-Car Named Desire*; for which it incurred precisely the kind of attack from a few silly people that Mr. Hunter has described. Does he believe that this management would not have dared produce that play, had the peashooters been foreseeable (as if they weren't!) or that, warned by experience, it would hesitate to produce the play again now? I know better; so surely does Mr. Hunter on reflection.

Apologists for suppression must find less fanciful arguments than these. BENN W. LEVY

66 Old Church Street, S.W.3.

THE PILTDOWN HOAX

SIR,—The increasing attention that is being paid to the unknown "forger" of the Piltdown jaw prompts me to believe that I should break a vow of silence made some forty years ago and disclose something of the true history of this affair.

A very old friend (his name must even now, alas, remain unknown) was living at the time of the discovery in retirement in Sussex. Finding that his views on the first discovery (which he had then recently printed in a little-known monograph) were unacceptable in many quarters, he elected to bring ridicule on his opponents by an innocent deception.

So ably did his great powers—until that time only used to uncover the truth—aid him, so well did he succeed, that it quickly became impossible for him to reveal what he had done. And, indeed, had it not

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BATSFORD

been that I, a medical man with some knowledge of anatomy, should have chanced to visit him when he was employed in the very act of staining the jaw (with a chemical then unknown to science) the story of this brilliant hoax might have been forever lost in the mists of antiquity.

Those who knew the man to whom I refer will perhaps agree that this one lapse into practical joking was more than amply compensated by his contributions to science in all its branches.

Baker Street, W.1. JOHN WATSON, M.D.

WINE SUPPLEMENT

SIR,—The last issue of your journal devoted eleven of its central and best pages to the glorification of wine. Large advertisements and interested boosters vied with one another in the special purpose of your wine supplement. I generally open your journal with respect, expecting some guidance about the nation's welfare and, usually, am not disappointed. This time I closed it with distaste and nausea.

I was informed that wine really means France and France means wine. Indeed it does. When Petain said wine and its derived concoctions had more than anything else defeated France and its army you probably dismissed that as just another excuse of old Petain. But a few years later when a French Minister of Health on the advice of the medical profession, asserted that alcohol and alcoholism were sapping the vitality, health and efficiency of the French people, you can hardly have noticed it. But surely you have heard of Mendès-France. He at least is a "New Statesman" unwilling to accept the abiding rot of his nation. Indeed your cartoonist was probably jeering at him—"Buvez le bon lait." Your Allan Sichel wrote: the more one drinks wine, the more one appreciates it. But what good is that if what one appreciates is dragging one's nation down to the gutter?

So why add to the agony here? At the last election we were spending on intoxicants £727 millions a year. At the next we shall have raised that to £870 millions. Isn't that rake's progress enough for one Parliament? Strike out your title—THE NEW STATESMAN. You are just the "Old mocker" of which the wise Solomon warned mankind.

House of Commons. JAMES H. HUDSON

THE P.E.N. ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—I must thank Mr. Seymour-Smith for his fair-minded and politely expressed evaluation of my poem in his review of this year's P.E.N. Poems Anthology. The poem itself has now been published four times, including, of course, its partial reprint in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION (spoiled, if anything, by the substitution of one of your reviewer's verbs for my own, his singular for my plural, and his two mispunctuations). It has also been broadcast four times, on two of these occasions in a programme edited by your regular verse-reviewer, Mr. G. S. Fraser. It will, shortly, be appearing in America and is also to be included in an anthology commissioned by Faber & Faber.

I agree with Mr. Seymour-Smith, the poem's shape must have embodied the very essence of conformity while its repeated publication proves that I have been writing to a currently acceptable formula. The poem continues to make friends among those "uncreative critics" some of whom have recommended it to the public who have been similarly beguiled. In view of its general success ("grotesque" is indeed the only word for it), I can only shake my head and wish to God that I had never written it. And, before I go, "God Save the Poem!"

44 Cholmley Gardens, ARTHUR BOYARS
London, N.W.6.

REALISM IN ART

SIR,—In his review last week of the London Group, Mr. Berger quotes the following extract from the press hand-out: "A large proportion of the younger painters have ceased to paint abstracts and show realistic works."

As one who has some responsibility for this hand-out, I wish to say it is possibly misleading. It must be a matter of opinion as to whether young painters in England are now veering towards realism. As a matter of fact there would not appear to be fewer abstract paintings this year, and I am not aware of cases where artists exhibiting in the exhibition have recently changed from abstract to realistic painting.

Taviton House, W.C.1. CLAUDE ROGERS

T. F. POWYS

SIR,—Your correspondent, John Holdsworth, is surely right in decrying Walter Allen's disparagement of T. F. Powys and in reminding us of Dylan Thomas's indebtedness to that master craftsman. Both writers in their different ways were very uninhibited in self-expression but, whereas Powys's satire on the unregenerate pastoral scene was somewhat vitriolic, Dylan's strictures had an elfin quality that redeemed them from any taint of malice. If, as Walter Allen says, Thomas Nashe was the true exemplar of Thomas, Jonathan Swift was the true exemplar of Powys. I once asked Dylan which of the three Powys writers he considered the greatest artist and he replied "T. F."

What does John Holdsworth mean by describing T. F. Powys as "the only real Russian novelist ever to write in English"? I can thing of no one more English in style and temper than this God-intoxicated recluse. His style derives from the Authorised Version and he saw life mainly through the eyes of a Dorset peasant. John Cowper Powys, his brother (happily still with us), has, largely through his studies of Dostoievsky, shown a greater "rapport" with the Russian novelist than "T. F.", whose allegorical way of story-telling was, unlike that of Dostoievsky, cruelley dispassionate.

Bridgend, Glam. C. BENSON ROBERTS

DYLAN THOMAS

SIR,—Perhaps Dylan Thomas owed something to Charles de Coster's *The Legend of Eulenspiegel*; to Japanese legends and folk tales. Perhaps not. I seem to remember that he wrote poetry "for the love of man and in praise of God." T. F. Powys, on the other hand, hated his fellow creatures and was obsessed with man's total depravity. Mr. Holdsworth tells us about Thomas's galleries of oddities. It is the people who are today writing nonsense about his poetry who are in the gallery of oddities!

35 Leathwaite Road, GRAHAM T. ACKROYD
S.W.11.

BEERSHEBA

SIR,—My recent article, "A Visit to Ben Gurion," contained a statement that the Negev had been awarded to the Arabs in the 1947 U.N.O. settlement. It has been pointed out to me that this was much too sweeping a statement.

On looking it up I find that what was awarded to the Arabs was the town of Beersheba and the area immediately around it. My point that the Arabs were very foolish in refusing a settlement which gave them more than they now have (far more in the case of Galilee) stands, I think. JOHN STRACHEY

DIAGHILEV

SIR,—Your critic, J.N.B.R., has written a most charming notice of this exhibition, but in it he quotes Harold Acton, whose youthful memories of Diaghilev have played him strangely false.

He *was* "autocratic," but not "short and neat," nor did he have a reddish moustache. He was tall and heavily built and so unusually large was his head, that he always had the greatest difficulty in finding a hat to fit him—we used to tease him about it. His hair was black with a white streak in it, and his small moustache was iron grey. Leon Bakst was small and neat with a reddish moustache, so Harold Acton may have confused the two.

There is an excellent portrait of Diaghilev by Elizabeth Polunin, hanging in the portrait gallery here, and it has been reproduced as the frontispiece of the catalogue.

Brighton. JULIET DUFF

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METHUEN

Christmas Book Supplement

ALMA MATER FLOREAT!

MELCHESTER, let us call it, though it is also known as Manston, Chiltern, Hornborough, or Larne. It stands, you may be sure, in ideal surroundings—forest to the East, downs to the West—and is built either of Elizabethan stone or (but rather less attention is then drawn to the fact) of Victorian red brick. In either case its buildings are imposing and their layout monastic; sensibly so, for it is inhabited exclusively by males, the few irrelevant wives and daughters being strictly androgynous. Outside, its stretches of green turf are lovingly tended; inside, its lawns and traditions are lovingly upheld, and that faint haze that envelops it, golden with a touch of red, symbolises the triumph, after fifteen terms, of virtue over vice.

Melchester is a fine thick slice of English Romanticism, dead as the dodo, now, but due presently perhaps for a nostalgic revival, like velvet collars or vintage motor cars; for Melchester, too, had its Golden Age in the early nineteen hundreds. That was an age, if not of belief, at least of serene assurance. Colonel Brown was known to be a man who found it hard to put his feelings into words, but even he could bring out without any self-consciousness, as he drove his young offspring to the station in the gig, that he was a lucky young chap to be joining the finest school of all. And the boy, as he wandered a few hours later through the quadrangles over Big Side and Little Side, Broadleze and Turf, dedicated his little heart to heroic struggles. His resolution was only strengthened when within a few days he found himself brushing against immortal heroes as they strode by, Featherstone, Manby or Maddox, tall good-looking, clean cut demigods, pointed out to him by an awed third-former who might even on the luckiest of days get his hair ruffled as they passed.

Immensely impressive it all was, the vast hierarchy piled up above the goggling new boy. Immediately above his own set, the milling nippers and squealers, were the candidates for superannuation, among whom all manner of dangers lurked. Above them the prefects and the bloods, objects of worship and envy, by whom he was only too proud to be fagged and whopped. Higher again (or wasn't it, in fact, just lower?) the young masters, keen and fit, Blues to a man—one even a double Blue, and so able—but this would be later—to introduce him to the robuster kinds of verse. And then the Housemasters, a sage band, who believed in leaving everything to their Captains, yet all the same had a miraculous way of knowing all that went on, and descended occasionally with a cryptic word of advice at that crucial moment in school life when Temptation beckons from the corner. Finally, at the apex, the Master—gentlemanly compared with that Old Testament minor prophet, the Victorian Head—but still a figure of awe, able to take the stuffing out of you with a blistering speech before blistering you elsewhere with the still unrelegated birch.

Immensely impressive, yes, but immensely exhilarating, too. The ladder was there to be climbed, and each rung brought its sense of achievement and its graded moral problem. Melchester is the finest school in the world, of course, but weeds grow in even the best tended gardens. There are rotters in the Middle Fifth.

They use cribs for their construe, and cribbing as everyone knows is low. But then so equally is sneaking. What is a fellow to do? The tender conscience of fourteen meets its first test in the moral impasse. He takes his swishing without a murmur, but it comes out that he was saving a pal under pressure from the bullies, and it is this little act of minor heroism that marks him out for early responsibility. If he inclines to mischief in his middle years, it is all manly mischief, nothing scuggish, and all paid with a tough dozen or two. These are the halcyon years of battles for house-colours, razor-edged matches and cheering onlookers, and of fierce friendships, minor misunderstandings and happy endings, all English summer, shower and shine, with the shine predominating. But it is leading up to the Hour of Trial.

Wilson's, the house down the road, is going to the dogs. It has to be saved and he is selected for the job. No good arguing. The Master is adamant. He must leave the old friends and the easy triumphs. Hated by the slackers and scugs who have had a long free run, he is as alone with his soul as any District Commissioner in any of the farthest flung of outposts. But he grits his teeth, knows what is right and trusts in his strong right arm. His reward comes at his last House Supper. The boycott of silence that has surrounded him for a whole year is daringly broken by the healthy young Jevons and his pal, Bags. They essay a frightened cheer. It falters half-heartedly for a full moment, and then suddenly is taken up on all sides, swells and gathers, till the whole house is on its feet. That evening in Chapel as the organ bursts into "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing," a close observer might see a tear at the corner of his right eye.

If school stories in this lush romantic vein have long since ceased to be written, that is no doubt because their Public Schools have long since ceased to exist. They are no longer enclosed premises and enclosure was a condition of their existence. Since then the world has impinged on them. They have classes in civics, and have read all the books. They are self-conscious, and self-consciousness is the enemy of Romance. On Saturday evenings, instead of fugging in their studies or playing stump cricket in the Long Passage, they jive, I dare say, with the girls from the Ladies' College down the road, or advanced *littérateurs* arrive from London to put ideas into their heads. They are taken in buses to look over factories, and, for all I know, the Telly has been installed in the Adderley Library. In so worldly an atmosphere no school story could get itself written. Could those that are written even get themselves read?

The re-publication of G. F. Bradby's admirable *The Lanchester Tradition** poses the problem, and sent me back to some of the classics of the genre. The result, truth to tell, was disillusioning. The bright vision which the memory retained was somewhat tarnished by the reality. Especially so with the spate of "anti" novels just before and after the Great War, *The Loom of Youth* and its contemporaries and successors. The new naturalism was the weapon with which they attacked the old romanticism, and the new naturalism now reads uncommonly flat. We wade through acres of jejune argument and shrill protest; and justified though of course it was, useful as such books were in revealing the other side of the question, we have outgrown their clamour and can no longer enter into them. *The Lanchester Tradition*, which belongs to the same period but is written from the angle of the masters' common-room, in a sense supersedes them all. It makes the same central criticisms, but it makes them with wit and brevity. It is artificial comedy, not naturalism, but it is no less effective as a weapon, and it can still be enjoyed because it is composed, composed with a fine controlled irony as a book, not, as the naturalist novels seem often to be, strung together higgledy-piggledy out of ill-digested recollection.

But the fact is that the subject as a subject—a "burning question"— has ceased to exist, at least in that particular form. And for that very reason it is the novels of the high romantic period which score, for they exist, if at all, in their own right. *Stalky and Co.* is still alive by virtue of its inner vitality. But so, I found, is one that I had quite forgotten, *David Blaize*, by E. F. Benson. The more famous Harrow story, *The Hill*, by Horace Annesley Vachell, suffers to my mind by being a little too aware of itself. It thumps the ethos a little too hard. For sheer whole-hearted unabashed romanticism, try *David Blaize*. Like Vachell, Benson was a practised novelist, and consequently he is extremely skilful at handling narrative, while his dialogue is in its own quite different way as superb as Kipling's, sparingly selected and shaped for establishing character, pointing the drama, and indicating tone. This tone is, it must be admitted, shamelessly sentimental, but so extravagantly so that it passes beyond criticism on that ground. It is the full romantic vision of a boyhood lived in "the light that never was on land or sea," in a golden summer of history. The Edwardian spirit is preserved in it whole—preserved in barley sugar maybe, but preserved just the same. The book is long out of print now, but you may still come across it on the shelves of an old-fashioned hotel or in the bedroom of a country vicarage, nestling beside J. C. Snaith, Erskine Childers and W. J. Locke. If so, take it down. You will start by reading it with an amused and tolerant smile, but Benson had the novelist's primary knack, and you will not be able to put it down.

T. C. WORSLEY

* *The Lanchester Tradition*. By G. F. BRADBY. *Richards Press*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THE DEAR OLD DIALECTIC

Marxism Past and Present. By R. N. CAREW HUNT. *Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dialectical Materialism. Vol. III. Theory of Knowledge. By MAURICE CORNFORTH. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is a full-time job to be the founder of a great religion. By the time you have hit on a central inspiration, enlisted followers, produced rather haphazardly the gospels or canonical books, it is late in the day to work out a systematic theology. This is the task of those who come after. On the one hand, the disciples and fathers of the church demonstrate—at any rate to their own satisfaction—that the Founder's creed was uniquely inspired and logically watertight at every point. On the other side the sceptics discover the inconsistencies and absurdities of the new creed without pausing to observe that there is anything shaky in their own. Christianity has provided the raw material for these intellectual diversions time out of mind. If its appeal ever flags, Marxism is waiting as a ready substitute; and our countless Professors of Theology need not worry over the academic future of their chairs. Their services will be required whoever else is liquidated.

Marxism has many excellent qualities as a religion. It demands total adherence from its victims. It alone is right; all other creeds or philosophies are wrong. It has its own vocabulary or claptrap—the proletariat, the dialectic, the negation of the negation, and so on. The works of the founders are admirably obscure—mostly works of occasional journalism, some gibberish, many concerned with issues long dead. The gospel has to be pursued through out-of-date tracts and pieced together from fragmentary hints, often in private correspondence. Then regard the early fathers; what a splendid and cantankerous lot, quite up to the standard of Athanasius. Kautsky, the first Pope—as rigid as could be one day and bolting from the consequences of Marxism the next. The revisionists, watering the primitive religion down to a set of harmless commonplaces. Then comes Lenin with his puritan revival; and Stalin, perhaps following in Lenin's footsteps, perhaps not. Throw in confessions and witch-hunts, crusades and excommunications. What religion could be nicer? It will make wonderful material for a Gibbon one day—as farcical a chapter of human history as any devised. But, as the example of Gibbon shows, the successful historian of a religion must not care about it one way or the other. Julian the Apostate would not have been an improvement on St. Augustine as the chronicler of Rome's decline. As it is, they do their best to offer us only the choice between Marxists and anti-Marxists.

Mr. Carew Hunt is a conscientious anti-Marxist, worthy and high-minded. He has taken much trouble to discover what Marx would be at, and has sometimes succeeded. Some of the trouble is unnecessary. Marx and Engels were educated as Hegelians, and many of their obscurities disappear if treated within the framework of Hegelian thought. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that some of their nonsense can be unloaded on to Hegel. At any rate, it saves time to swallow the Hegelian background, just as it helps the Christian inquirer (if any such remain) to bear in mind that Jesus Christ was a Jew. Once over this hurdle Mr. Carew Hunt improves. He knows more philosophy than history, but this was also true of Marx, many of whose historical generalisations lacked contact with reality. In some ways he is more charitable than Mr. Plamenatz, another recent commentator, for he discovers a meaning in the phrase "relations of production," which Mr. Plamenatz thought to be nonsense—not that its meaning or non-meaning has any importance.

There are some interesting pages where he discusses recent developments of Marxist doctrine in the Soviet Union; but these pages are too few. There is too much about Marxism Past and not enough about Marxism Present. Innumerable books have tried to systematise Marx's thoughts; but no one tells us what it really amounts to in Moscow nowadays. Perhaps the subject is impossible. At the end Mr. Carew Hunt forgets his scholarly detachment and takes a flying kick at every sort of Socialism, Marxist or otherwise. Public ownership, he insists, must strengthen the state and so lead inevitably to totalitarianism. Mr. Carew Hunt will allow a little ethical uplift; anything more than this takes us straight to Moscow. This argument is as old as Marxism itself. It assumes that our present social system is working satisfactorily and then asks, why bother to change it? Why, indeed, if the assumption is correct? But it isn't. Marx had some queer ideas; but he was well ahead of Mr. Carew Hunt when it came to recognising the defects of capitalism.

Mr. Maurice Cornforth is a believer gifted with an admirably clear style of exposition. This is an entrancing book. Once accept a preliminary passage or two of his Marxist jargon and you can read on in lulled fascination—never a difficult word or idea, everything as plausible as can be. Mr. Cornforth keeps up with the church. He knows, for instance, that language is not part of the superstructure—Stalin's last addition to theology. But was it wise for Mr. Cornforth to end his book with a litany of dedication? This is unusual in a work of philosophy. Moreover, it is a habit learnt from the great Stalin, who is now not only dead but somewhat blown upon. Perhaps the news of this has not yet reached the British Communist Party. Mr. Cornforth should take care or "the students who attended the national school on philosophy organised by the Communist Party" will be rewriting not merely his book but his fate as well.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

SAVAGES AND OTHERS

The Rivers Ran East. By LEONARD CLARK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The Way the Wind Blows. By HOWARD CLEWES. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Matto Grosso. By WACLAW KORABIEWICZ. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The sensation of breaking into a completely strange world, when the Americas were first discovered, must have been extraordinary. The animals, the birds and the plants had never been seen or heard of before; the savage inhabitants were both hospitable and implacably bloodthirsty; it was a new land full of riches, lost to the devil and waiting to be regained. To read Leonard Clark's book is to be back in this world where nothing has taken on a settled shape, where anything may happen and where your own actions are the only source of knowledge: a world of bold events and fascinating oddities.

Colonel Clark has a twenty years' reputation as an adventurer behind him, and he is still insatiable. Crossing the Andes, he decided to drop down the rivers Perené and Tambo into the Ucayali, and so to Iquitos; then to ascend the Marañon, through the roaring Pongo de Mensericheé, and up again into the mountains. All the author's toughness and strength of character was needed for this dangerous and unpleasant journey, even though he may sometimes have provoked an answering toughness from his surroundings. But the jungle is a place of precious few conveniences, and Things are constantly happening. Devilish Campa Indians, their faces painted black and white and their bodies green, flit silently through the gloom, hissing like snakes, on the war-path; there are all kinds of other Indians, painted purple, or with yellow stripes, or in wavy bands of green and red, and decked with parrot feathers; there are giant Jivaros, built like blacksmiths, heavy jawed and with enormous feet, slow and tigerish in their movements; there are Cocamas, with bulging muscles, and an unknown tribe, painted yellow with black bars, who believe God is a generative being and practise an unusual and lengthy deformation of themselves in his honour. There are of course snakes, flies, mosquitoes, pium, borrachudo, crocodiles, piranha and jaguars, the whole caboodle; worse, there are loathsome witchmen, one more loathsome than the others who sits dressed in a flayed human skin, stinking, while he cures some warriors with charms and secret herbal remedies, while others he condemns to death because they are bewitched.

Through this difficult country, which supports a slave-traffic as cruel and inhuman as that on the Putumayo fifty years ago, Colonel Clark was accompanied by a young Peruvian—"ever since he had aimed that gun at my throat I had liked him immensely"—and a number of Indians, five of whom are dead before the trip is half over. They have to fight for their lives on various occasions, and are once captured by the stinking witchman who wants to eat Colonel Clark's heart for the wisdom it contains. Before reaching Iquitos the young Peruvian has to leave, and his place is later taken by a young woman. Colonel Clark has an old Spanish map on which are marked the seven cities of El Dorado: he is looking for the sources of Inca gold and, by a coincidence, so is she. They find it, too, and come staggering out of the jungle with pounds of the stuff on their backs, in spite of rain, floods, starvation, snake-bite, and a bit of human opposition. Colonel Clark is in fact the perfect adventurer, to whom unheard-of things happen naturally; and he has written the perfect travel book, as clean and hard as a Western and absorbing as Hakluyt.

The Way the Wind Blows describes how Howard Clewes went on a jaunt, mainly by plane, through Brazil, Bolivia and Peru. His mode of travelling can often be agreeable: it entails nothing more strenuous than making for a place you've heard to be interesting, and leaving, soon as you feel bored, for somewhere else. Such a journey is at once a pleasant stimulant and a mild sedative, during which one need not be too serious about anything; and Mr. Clewes's account of it is in the same way pleasant and mild. Discomfort sometimes makes him a little fretful, but he is usually urbane and politely interested in human nature, in gossip, in enterprises and local calamities; he builds his book round conversations and discursive anecdotes, the minor irritations of travelling and some of its rewards. He met a number of odd people in bars and lodging-houses and buses, but unfortunately he spoke neither Spanish nor Portuguese, which limited him. He went to Campo Grande, to see a Brazilian frontier town, and from there to an enormous Zebu cattle ranch, run by an Englishman with a comic Negro servant. After that came Bolivia, with a visit to the Fabulosa tin mines 18,000 feet up in the Andes, a picnic at the ruins of Tiahuanaco, and a revolution that might have started but didn't. Then Lima, which starts to be tiresome. The book is one you can put down, without minding the interruption, and casually take up afterwards.

Waclaw Korabiewicz is a Polish refugee who eventually found himself in Brazil without much money. Meeting a crazy compatriot, he hands over what money he has to finance a hunting expedition into the Matto Grosso. The compatriot is a professional hunter; deaf, half blind and a rogue. The refugee is to make skins of what is shot, the skins to be sold to museums and collectors. A sad little man and a Brazilian peasant make up the party. The hunter rapidly becomes impossible to live with: he loses most of his interest in the others, and starts pandering to the whims of a tubby and self-important Brazilian. Mr. Korabiewicz is now resenting things deeply but continues working in order to get at least some money out of the expedition. He goes fishing; a fire is lit in the swamp reeds; there are hordes of crocodiles everywhere; there is a jaguar that stalks about the camp but is never seen; nothing much happens, and Mr. Korabiewicz hasn't really enjoyed himself at all

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RIEN N'EST BEAU QUE LE VRAI

The Noble Savage: A Life of Paul Gauguin. By LAWRENCE and ELISABETH HANSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Even if *The Moon and Sixpence* were one's only Gauguin "source," one would require no great sensibility to boggle at it. Truth is admittedly stranger than fiction; nevertheless, a dull and worthy stockbroker of forty who deserts wife and children to become a painter out of a clear sky, gives them no further thought, and vouchsafes no apology but "Go to hell," must appear more astonishing than lifelike. And when we find him starving without tears, scorning to fraternise with other artists or to sell his work, and saying, To hell with fame, there is a further decline in confidence. It is superb, "demonic" and all that; perhaps a creative genius *ought* to be like Strickland—but one would feel surprise if he turned out to be.

As this was roughly where I came in, I can recommend it as the best of jumping-off points for *The Noble Savage*. Not only is it amusing to check up, but it provides an object-lesson on the cleavage between life and literature. The plain, dull stockbroker proves to have been a very fancy one indeed—a swaggering type, given to holding forth on his descent from the Incas and the Spanish Borgias, and to flamboyant yarns about his early childhood in Lima and his years at sea. For he began life as a common sailor, and had six years of it before his fresh start on the Bourse. It was within a year or two of that—at twenty-five, and scarcely as a hardened stockbroker—that he drifted into "Sunday painting." At the same time he fell in love with Mette Gad. She was a Danish girl on holiday; she knew that Gauguin was doing well, and did not know about the painting till they were married. But there was no concealment afterwards; how could there be, with Sunday steadily encroaching on the week, and Gauguin sitting at the feet of Pissarro, buying the Impressionists, exhibiting with the Impressionists, even enjoying a taste of recognition? Mette indulged his hobby to begin with, and never dreamed that he was heading for the great refusal—the refusal to support his wife and family. Instead of a modest brace of children, Gauguin had five, when he decided to "paint all the time." Here only, the fictitious genius is outclassed; then truth immediately relapses. For he was by no means indifferent to poverty, and it would seem that he was not expecting it. Other Impressionists might starve; he, with his business flair, expected to clean up. "He disturbs me greatly," wrote Pissarro, "he is so deeply commercial. I regard it as a waste of time to think *only* of selling . . ."

This is an admirable touch; and yet it can't compete with the true story of how he left his wife. The truth is that he never did. When funds ran low, Mette inveigled him to Copenhagen; there she became all Gad, her relations ganged up on him, and in six months he decamped. But the parting was not meant to be final; in Mr. Micawber's phrase, it was a temporary separation which subsequently became permanent. And Gauguin was the one who took it to heart. Thenceforth, all that he heard from Mette was "Give, give"—and he had never anything to give. And yet, years afterwards, he was still courting her return, signing himself "your faithful lover and husband," and hoping they might grow aged together. Gauguin in the South Seas, cut to the quick to get no letter on his birthday, and (incidentally) always in straits because he spent his money on European food and wine, is most pathetically human.

And he is also, unlike Strickland, a heroic figure: since everything he gave up for his art was a true sacrifice. That he bemoaned himself is neither here nor there; and that he drove Van Gogh to suicide (the great "demonic" incident in his life) seems to be neither false nor true. All one can justly say of their *ménage* is that Van Gogh fills the pathetic role, while Gauguin suddenly appears to have no nonsense about him. But he can hardly be blamed for that; and his no-nonsense and yet noble "epitaph" on the weak brother does not suggest insensibility. Thirteen years later, part of it might have been applied to his own fate. "It doesn't sadden me much because I foresaw it. . . . Death at this moment is a great happiness for him, and he'll reap the reward of his fine behaviour in another life (according to the law of Buddha)." Meanwhile, Van Gogh had had "the consolation of being understood by several artists." Gauguin, in all things luckier, had had a brief spell as a *maître*, with disciples trembling at his frown.

Having drawn all this from the Hansons' book, I should be base not to speak well of it. And it is really excellent in substance: thoroughly documented, fascinating to read, and quite convincing on the whole. But the approach, at times, is slightly gushing and confused; and some of the reflections are rather too simple.

K. JOHN

THE FACES OF EVEREST

South Col. By WILFRID NOYCE. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Obviously, Sir John Hunt's could only be the first of the Everest books: cool, orderly, comprehensive, it told all the public story. But, for all its scale, Everest remains a highly individual affair: only personal obsession could make a man want to climb it, could drive him to put one foot in front of the other at heights where he is a dehydrated body breathing thin air. So the official record demanded, as complement, the personal reactions of individuals. These are beginning to come in. James Morris has recently described, in the *Himalayan Journal*, what Everest was like to a non-climbing journalist ("I found the altitude something of a handicap professionally. . . and most of the writing a fearful bore"). And now Mr. Noyce gives us the impact of Everest on a highly civilised, self-conscious mountaineer—a Scholar of King's, Double First, reader of Dante and Dostoevsky.

In his earlier books, Mr. Noyce showed himself a sensitive writer about mountains, but a shade too introspective in his attitude, a shade too mannered in his prose. I remember reading some of his accounts of Alpine climbs with a good deal of irritation: eager for concrete detail, for a vivid re-creation of the action, one seemed to be fobbed off with speculation and reflection. Might he not be too high-minded to give us the fascinating hard facts of Everest, to add an individual bite and tang to the collective impressions of the official book and film? One need not have worried: for now, paradoxically, that he has gone far higher than he ever did before, Mr. Noyce has become much earthier. He has taken the vulgar, the material, the factual, for his subject, and made a splendid and remarkable book of it.

In form this is a straightforward record, sometimes in the very words that Noyce assiduously scribbled, however numb his fingers, every day into his diary. It logs the trivia which go to make up the texture of such an enterprise: the blocked nostril at high camps ("you need an ice-axe to blow your nose," was George Lowe's view); the slummy mess of clothes, food, stoves, in the tents; the enormous labour of putting on bulky down breeches under windproofs; the hell of a broken crampon. In England, when he heard Hunt on the telephone inviting him to come, he had risen to the high heroic occasion; but once on the mountain, Everest become simply a job of work, a piton to be hammered into ice, a route to be made to the South Col, a crevasse to be jumped, a meal to be heated up, a message to be got down. Emotion, too, tended to be on the same scale, confined to hatred of the chap in front for going too fast, irritation at the obduracy of buttons, longing for a sardine or a mug of lemonade, content over a final cigarette in the fuggy tent. Mere Alpine climbers, on their modest scale, will recognise such moods; will recognise too the unattended moments when a scene suddenly strikes to the heart. Looking up from a fight with a Primus, Mr. Noyce saw Pumori and Cho Oyu sharp against a silver blue sky:

> What matter kerosene, stoves, sleeping-bags, even the ascent on which our every thought had been concentrated? Something here beyond me, outside me, "far more deeply interfused" than my muddled brain could care to know, lent a magic to the air that made human effort meaningless.

There are no startling personal revelations: there really does seem to have been less tension and irritation than on most high-altitude expeditions, and one wonders how much the greater harmony was due to oxygen. Certainly Mr. Noyce is eloquent about its advantages: colours were sharper, perceptions clearer, wits quicker, life altogether better. Unlike many climbers, he has no simple-life regrets or puritanical scruples about the use of oxygen, special heat-conserving boots, or carefully selected foods:

> I was struck, upon Everest, with the thought that here was I, a thoroughly unscientific person, enjoying sensations which could only come to me because my body was plastered with the aids of modern science and technology.

There are some agreeable snapshots: Hillary desperately staving off boredom with Peter Cheyney; Bourdillon, summoning up just enough energy after his climb to the South top to get a blocked Primus going; Hunt, eating his porridge with a fork off the floor at Advance Base, and having his leg pulled about his schedules and directives. And Mr. Noyce candidly turns over his feelings for us: his sense of disappointment when Hunt told him that *his* share in climbing Everest was to bear-lead Sherpas up to the South Col (he stuck his hands in his pockets and kicked a stone, "like a small boy suddenly told to play goal"); and the happiness seeping in slowly—for altitude dulls fear, hope, joy—when from the South Col he saw Hillary and Tensing descend:

> I began to feel immensely happy, though I realised not a thousandth of the deed's implications. "We" had got up; had done what we came out to do, without accident. And now we could go down, be greeted by our friends, sleep in beds, have hot drinks and an appetite again; leave Everest to the choughs.

The story did not of course stop there, and Mr. Noyce has a good deal to say about the return to the "unguessed excitements of limelight." There was the slow realisation, as the wave of telegrams and reporters came out to meet the climbers slogging down to Katmandu in holey gym-shoes and dirty pyjama trousers, that they were now public figures. "You go and have a good time on a mountain and then this happens to you," said Hillary when told of his K.B.E. "How on earth am I going into the grocer's back home in my old trousers to ask him for pots for my honey?" There were the tricky moments in Katmandu when Tensing's triumph was being exploited for political ends. There was the unreality of the gala lecture at the Festival Hall when they all paraded in white ties and tails, a sort of official canonisation as heroes before they went back to being schoolmasters, Army officers, research scientists, ordinary men again. At such moments Mr. Noyce's habit of introspection has been turned to good account; it enables him, too, to distinguish between the various faces of Everest. It was an idea; a monstrous physical reality; a haunting presence; to Tensing, a friend; to crowds at home, a Coronation bonus. Each climber had his own Everest; to Noyce, predominantly, it was an emotionless mass of rock, ice and snow, unaffected and unaltered by the movement of men upon it. Entirely irrelevant, in such a view, to talk of "conquest"; and the climbers themselves never did.

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Hamish Hamilton have produced two more of their charming outsize pre-Christmas cards (2*s.* 6*d.* each) with numbered flaps or windows, which are opened in turn during the days before Christmas: *David, the Shepherd Boy* (story by Elizabeth Goudge, picture by Biro), and an adaptation of the *Christmas Carol* by R. J. Cruikshank (picture by Fritz Wegner).

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LADIES FROM NEW YORK

Anna Cora. By ERIC WOLLENCOTT-BARNES. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

The Fabulous Leonard Jerome. By ANITA LESLIE. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The survival after his death of an actor's reputation is a chancy business. Simply to have been great is not enough: he must also have attracted the notice of a great dramatic critic, which means, in effect, one whose reviews have themselves survived as literature. There are very few of them, and Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt was luckier than most actresses in that Poe, who saw her in New York, was impressed enough to write about her. She was, Mr. Barnes has no difficulty in showing, a remarkable woman, remarkable rather in the way that Mrs. Trollope was. She was the nineteenth-century female of refinement who, faced with adversity, could come down from her pedestal and buckle to. Her life, while it lasted, was breathless. Born in New York in 1819, the daughter of a man wealthy enough to have law-suits with the Astors, she was married at fifteen, after an elopement with a man more than twice her age. Famous already as an amateur actress, she restored his broken fortunes by becoming a professional actress when she was twenty-six; and herein she was no doubt a pioneer, for she was, it seems, the first "lady" to go on the boards in the United States. Her success was sensational, and there was more to it than her acting alone. She was, to judge from the verses quoted in Mr. Barnes's book, as wretched a poetaster as ever lived, but in *Fashion*, written in 1845, she wrote what is apparently the first American play of any merit, a play, from Mr. Barnes's description not unlike Robertson's *Caste* in its tentative "realism."

Still supporting her ailing husband, now her agent and manager, she invaded London in 1847 to such effect that she quite overcame the English prejudice against American players. Macready wanted to act with her, and wisely she refused. G. H. Lewes (not yet, as Mr. Barnes seems to think, the lover, if the word may be permitted, of George Eliot) praised her and wrote a play for her; while the manager of the theatre with which she was most closely associated, a clerk who had taken to the greenroom out of sheer hopeless, romantic love of her, committed suicide after having stolen £40,000 from his employers, the Globe Insurance Office—money stolen in order worthily to present Anna Cora.

It was a wonderful career while it lasted. It petered out, after her husband's death, a disastrous second marriage and continued ill health which took her away from the stage, in bad novels and incompetent journalism. She died in England in 1870 and is buried at Kensal Green. Her finest part, we learn, was that of Beatrice. Yes, Anna Cora deserves a book, though not, certainly, at the length to which Mr. Barnes has written it. It is plainly a labour of love, but when writing about dead actresses love is not enough. There must also be the recorded impressions of the men of great literary talent who observed them, and, Poe excepted, the dramatic critics of New York and London in the eighteen-forties were not men of great literary talent.

Though neither Mr. Barnes nor Miss Leslie says so, Leonard Jerome, who was born a year earlier, must have seen Anna Cora on the stage in New York. Jerome earned his three or four pages a few years ago in Mr. Lloyd Morris's lively *Incredible New York*. It cannot be said that Miss Leslie succeeds in her three hundred in telling us much more about him. He made and lost several fortunes, built a private opera house, was the first man to sail the Atlantic in a yacht race, and founded the American Jockey Club. He was also a tiresome practical joker. But he had, as they say in television parlour games, an "end-product": one of his grandchildren was Sir Winston Churchill, on whose destinies, though at the time he was a Harrow schoolboy, "red-headed, blue-eyed, freckled and 'difficult,'" Miss Leslie would have us believe Jerome was brooding as he lay dying in Brighton.

Miss Leslie is herself a descendant of Jerome. One cannot quite dismiss her book as guff about great-grandpapa since half of it, and much the more interesting half, deals with the lives of his three beautiful daughters, all of whom, brought up in France by the disapproving Mrs. Jerome, married Englishmen. It is, of course, on Jennie, who married Lord Randolph Churchill, that attention is mainly focused. Her letters, on life at Blenheim and on the social and political round of the day, have their interest. But how different they were, these sprightly daughters of the millionaire stockbroker from New York, from the suffering American beauties of Henry James's imaginings! Against the Jerome girls what chance could Gilbert Osmond and Kate Croy possibly have stood?

WALTER ALLEN

PORTRAIT OF A HOLY TERROR

More Letters of Herbert Hensley Henson. Edited by E. F. BRALEY. *S.P.C.K.* 15*s.*

For the fifty-odd years of his ministry, Hensley Henson was the liveliest mind in the Church of England. He was that rare bird, the Broad Churchman who is also a positive Christian, the direct spiritual descendant of his great predecessor in the see of Durham, Joseph Butler. "I have," he once remarked, "no fondness for controversy, though a certain temperamental dislike of unreality." While he lived, Henson's temperament kept the clerical pot boiling in the House of Lords, the Church Assembly and at Auckland Castle. We can still see the bubbles rising in this second volume of his letters, once again admirably edited by Canon Braley.

Henson was the penultimate Victorian. His friend and colleague, Dean Inge, who survived him by several years, had the honour to run last in that gallant torch race, but as a character the Dean is far less genial than the Bishop. There was a powerful air of misanthropy and desiccation, of Pharisaism and class-ridden self-righteousness about Inge that is unpleasing. He wrote a damnably poor prose style that seemed much better than it was through his habit of astute quotation. Henson, on the contrary, was a born phrase-maker and a brilliant controversialist, one who really enjoyed fleshing his pen. In this volume we can watch the bishop hard at work, striking right and left into the heart of Anglican darkness. Several High Church throats get pinked in the course of this slim volume:

> The *Church Times* is divided between its annoyance that the Archbishop of Canterbury should have preached in a Calvinistic pulpit at Geneva and its pleasure that the Head of the Hierarchy should appear as delivering an allocution to the nations.

A natural nineteenth-century man, Henson's intellectual honesty was unquenchable. As a trained historian, he was not afraid to face facts, facts about Christ, the Church and the world, that his fellow bishops, tranquillised with all too well digested scraps of Browning, felt to be disturbing. "If historical science," he tells Archbishop Temple,

> should ever decisively disallow the necessary assumptions of the Christian Revelation, *e.g.*, by disproving the existence of Jesus, or by proving His moral inadequacy, then I think the position of educated Christians would be indeed desperate. . . . Be this as it may, Christianity is an historical religion, and it cannot escape from the formidable responsibilities attaching to that character.

But Henson the hammer of the High Churchman is only a minor aspect of his character. For a clergyman he had a preternaturally well-filled mind and in this book he throws out every kind of observation—on Mary and Martha, the decline of the clergy, V.D., divorce, Horace's Satires, Byron's moral character and the "consecrated eccentricity" of Dick Sheppard. Whether he discusses a sermon to cyclists, warns an incumbent against drinking, or castigates the Versailles settlement ("this charter of undying malignity which we have agreed to celebrate as peace"), his mind is all of a piece. What other bishop on the Bench would be capable of writing to his chauffeur, about to emigrate:

> You will find life in South Africa in many respects very unlike the life which you have known in England. In a new country there is more liberty and less culture. The framework of society is more flexible, but society is itself a cruder thing. Everything is in the making. There are no mighty Memorials of the Past to abash and inspire the mind, and men seem to depend on themselves alone. The independence is, of course, mainly unreal, but it affects them none the less. It follows that there is a lack of reverence in colonials, a self-assertiveness, and a disposition to boast, which are not pleasing. In South Africa, perhaps, the presence of the Natives has tended to stimulate these ill-qualities. Be very careful, dear Boy, in your relations with these semi-civilised people to be firm and just, as well as thoughtful and kind. They are God's children, and any wrong to them must needs be very hateful in His sight. But I am not afraid of your offending here.

Again, making allowance for the quaint Pinero-like phraseology (the letter was written in 1908), what could be better than this, to a social worker:

> The deaconess is wrong in advising you to combine moral exhortations with allusions to the unhappy woman's moral delinquency. For two broad reasons this must not be done. First, the suggestion of any *direct* connection between fortune and merit is radically false, and ought to be for ever disallowed by "the Story of the Cross." Next, it *may* be the case that the wretched woman's relation with the man, whom we must call her "partner in sin," is the streak of gold in the clay of her disordered life. We must not be too prompt and uniform in applying moral rules to individual cases: and before one could rightly order these folk to go apart, we must be well assured that they are not in spiritual fact *Married*. In the region of essential morals we cannot stake everything on the presence or absence of the legal certificate.

Henson was not only a remarkable man who had cleared his mind of cant more thoroughly than any of his clerical contemporaries. He was also a great practical Christian. If there were more priests like him, the Church of England would not be so thinly attended today.

JOHN RAYMOND

GHOSTS IN GYM TUNICS

The School on the Precipice. By NANCY MOSS. *Chambers.* 6*s.*

Fourth Form Detectives. By NANCY BREARY. *Blackie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

One Day Event. By JOSEPHINE PULLEIN-THOMPSON. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Riders from Afar. By CHRISTINE PULLEIN-THOMPSON. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It would seem that in the matter of a certain type of book for children, mediocrity has come to stay. Gone are the great years when each Christmas brought a bumper crop of vintage Angela Brazil, Winifred Darch, Dorita Fairlie Bruce, May Wynne and others. Some of these writers may be writing still, but if that is the case, their books have not come my way. Instead, I have trudged conscientiously through a selection of new works of an unrelievedly second-rate nature, from which it has been difficult to rescue even four worth mentioning.

From these criticisms, *The School on the Precipice* must be most honourably excepted. This is the real thing. The school in question, Cliff House (headmistress: Miss Pusey. Colours: maroon-and-cream), is somewhat unsatisfactorily situated: "the last fall of cliff took an acre or so of ground down with it," and indeed the major portion of the hockey field now forms part of the foreshore, forcing the school hockey aces, Irene Fletcher and Maud Draper, to join the local Ladies' Club ("There's television in the clubhouse, I've been told"). However, on the limited remaining terrain, a great deal happens. Susan Savage diverts from the cliff top a runaway horse bearing the head girl, Beryl Marston ("I won't try to thank you, dear"), and subsequently receives the Marston Award for Heroism,

★

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Ready December 3rd

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La Chair et le Sang is Mauriac's third novel, originally published in 1920. Here it appears in its first English translation, by Gerard Hopkins. (10*s.* 6*d. net*)

★

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

which turns out to be a brooch "intrinsically valuable, being made of solid hall-marked silver and studded with a fine diamond," the *ensemble* in the form of a rearing horse.

The headmistress has a barely satisfactory brother who drives the school shooting-brake down a disused tunnel as a preparatory move to dynamiting the school premises and collecting the insurance money. This novel plot is foiled by Beryl Marston herself, who unselfishly misses the Rambling Club to achieve it, and is partly witnessed by Susan Savage through Elsa Marling-Brown's telescope. There is the school wag, Cissie Carew ("Cissie was a tonic"), who is given to saying "Cheerybuzzfuzz" and "Bungho," and who sings the solo part in *The Ballad of the Singing Sands* ("That child has the voice of an angel") at the Kent County Festival, Miss Lonsdale being quite beside herself "at the excellent quality of the vocal material under her baton." Then Susan wakes one morning to find that during the night her pigtails have been cut off ("Her face flushed with anger"), and Cissie, who is responsible, treats herself to a perm at Maison Raoul's. There is also a Bad Set who smoke scented cigarettes: "you'll find them useful as a screen when you're nervous."

The book contains a daring innovation. A needle match with a visiting team is not concerned with either cricket or net-ball.

> "Check!" said the Cudham College girl. Ada Mackintosh gazed long and earnestly at the board, but she had no choice. There was only one move open to her. She made it. "Check!" said the Cudham College girl, inexorably again. Almost despairingly, Ada glared at the board.

In *Fourth Form Detectives* we are at Merrilees Manor (headmistress: Miss Petrie. Colours: brown-and-scarlet), with girls called Loveday Scott, Rosemary Heathcote and Natalie Tottenham. The head girl is Gretchen Halstead: "her people are the Hampshire Halsteads you know, and they have a glorious place in the New Forest." She is also "considered a cert for County hockey next year." There is pleasantly varied activity, with the Posture Competition to decide on suitable ladies-in-waiting for the Pageant (prologue spoken by Gretchen Halstead. Epilogue spoken by Gretchen Halstead), the upsetting by Wanda Tottenham of Jill's violet toilet water, and the day when Gretchen Halstead invites Jill to bowl to her ("Send me along a few balls, will you?"). After a false report of damage to an exhibition *gouache* ("Still Life," by Gretchen Halstead), Jill is discovered to have remarkable ventriloquial powers ("'Your voice is really very funny,' Gretchen encouraged") and plays Puck in the Pageant ("Jill was an absolute hoot, she really was").

"June hasn't turned up yet," says a character in *One Day Event*, "but I think I hear her hoofs." This sets the tone for what follows, and this is the ideal book for pony-maniacs; furthermore, when doubts and difficulties appear, there is always Major Holbrooke to make everything clear:

> In other words his head, neck and inside shoulder will be bent to the inside, his inside foreleg will be off the school track, his inside hindleg will follow in the track of the outside foreleg and his outside hindleg follows a track of its own. The horse's head is flexed in the opposite direction to the movement. As you know, in Passes, Renvers and Travers the horse must look in the direction in which he is going.

Got it? In this book we are in the world of Mrs. Van Cutler (a novice judge), Susan Barington-Brown, Merry Hemlock-Jones, Maureen Painter, Mrs. Cresswell (of "Dormers") and Mrs. Exeter, in the fashionable shade of carbon grey, who is getting on in years and "finds herself landed with masses of half-broken Anglo-Arabs." The Exeters aren't, alas, "dressage-minded," but there are lots of things to take one's mind off this sad lapse: mucking out Spartan and Echo, for instance, or undoing the stud billets of your double bridle, or getting yet another canister of hoof oil, or saying "I do so want a lovely dressage seat" or "A dropped noseband will prevent evasions." After a good bit of lunging (the more I read about this manœuvre, the more incomprehensible it becomes), June Cresswell announces that "everyone knows that too early use of the double bridle spoils the development of the horse's cadence." Well, I knew it, of course, and I dare say you did, too, but . . . *everyone?*

In *Riders from Afar*, the Jacksons from Virginia rent for the summer Middlebrook Castle, residence of Lord Dauncy and Diana, bedungareed Lady Dauncy. English life appears, for some reason, unusual to the visitors and they have the *expression juste* for almost everything: the lion-topped gates of the castle ("Heavenly day!"), the absence of washing-machines ("My!"), early morning tea ("Heavenly day!"), English T.V. ("Holy Cow!"), kittens ("Jeepers!"), a dirty scullery ("Heavenly day!"), and England in general ("My!"). However, the Jacksons cheer themselves up by hiring a refrigerator, a milk-shake machine and a waffle-iron, and in next to no time they are able to achieve a nice homey dyspepsia with meals consisting of lettuce, pineapple, cheese, mayonnaise, sausages and apple-sauce.

There is a horse called Pegasus "with a head which pulled at your heartstrings," jaw about snaffles and drop nosebands, a rally ("Mountaineer's quarters were very dirty") and a Gymkhana, with "the well-known horsy celebrity, the Hon. Reginald Peck." The departing Americans shower gifts, Hazel receiving a tie-pin shaped like a hunting-whip, David a horse ashtray, and Chloe a copy of *Breaking and Riding*, some chocs and a hoof-pick. This is just the book for a child who longs to be able to throw off with assurance "It's swell of you to let us cub-hunt with your hounds," "What a pace to take timber!" and "Hounds drew the osiers blank."

The last remark seems faintly comprehensible, and I find that I have drawn a blank this year, too. But not in the osiers.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

THE GLORY OF A LASTING NAME

Humphry Davy. By JAMES KENDALL. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Franklin of the Arctic. By RICHARD S. LAMBERT. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Six Great Explorers. By DAVID DIVINE. **Six Great Inventors.** By J. G. CROWTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.* each.
Joan of Arc. By JEANETTE COVERT NOLAN. **Florence Nightingale.** By MARGARET LEIGHTON. **Louis Pasteur.** By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS. **Captain James Cook.** By JOHN MERRETT. **Commandos.** By RICHARD ARNOLD. **Inventions.** By EGON LARSEN. *Muller.* 6*s.* each.
Great Company. By PEGGY CHAMBERS. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
W. H. Hudson. By RUTH TOMALIN. **Thoreau.** By WILLIAM CONDRY. **Gilbert White.** By R. M. LOCKLEY. *Witherby.* 9*s.* 6*d.* each.
The Story of People. By MAY EDEL. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Wordsworth and Coleridge admired the early poems of Humphry Davy, which were no worse, and certainly no better, than those of a hundred other intelligent and ambitious readers of Thomson and Gray. What it was in human chemistry which made Davy give up the role of minor poet for that of major scientist, we shall perhaps never know; but it is fortunate that Davy early discovered the true direction of his genius. To quote his own poem, *The Sons of Genius*:

> Theirs is the glory of a lasting name,
> The meed of Genius, and her living fire;
> Theirs is the laurel of eternal fame,
> And theirs the sweetness of the muse's lyre.

Professor Kendall's new concise biography, aimed primarily at young readers, will appeal equally to adults looking for a lively account of this astonishing man. "Everything he did was so simple, once he had done it." That is how Davy's achievement is summed up: it is this

quality which most attracts the ordinary reader to the work of inventors and scientists. The lives of scientists do not always make good reading—they are not active, except mentally, and most of their time is necessarily passed in experiment and discussion. But Davy was a man of the world, as well as a chemist and, handled in Professor Kendall's delightful way, his life makes very good reading indeed.

How, as a boy, John Franklin was fired by the chronicle of Nelson's achievements, how he went to sea and was shipwrecked on a desert island, how he fought at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and how he explored the Arctic in search of a North-West passage—all this is graphically told for readers of 11 to 15 in *Franklin of the Arctic*. It will appeal strongly to boys who find Marryat and Ballantyne too leisurely, and want the "real life" touch. There are some authentic illustrations, a map, a glossary of people, places and ships, and a bibliography. Mr. Lambert has made a thoroughly sound and workmanlike job of a first-rate subject.

In the two latest additions to Messrs. Hamilton's "Six Great" Series, David Divine re-tells the stories of six explorers—Frobisher, Cook, Mungo Park, Burton, Livingstone and Scott; J. G. Crowther deals with six inventors—Watt, Stephenson, Edison, Marconi, the Wright brothers, and Frank Whittle. These are not children's books, but are aimed at the age-group officially known as "youth," and do their job completely. But why do some writers for youth consider it necessary, as Mr. Divine does, to lapse occasionally into this sort of writing: "Who knows what they discovered, these phantom explorers, these doomed ships, heading on and on into an unknown end"?

Messrs. Frederick Muller's "True Book" series strikes one as admirably suited to non-literary children who can be got to read only if the books they are offered are exciting and have some bearing on the practical world. The accounts of Joan of Arc and of Florence Nightingale are evidently meant for girls and are over-sentimentalised. Girls do not need this sort of treatment; nevertheless, both are reliable and sincere efforts to interest young readers. The volume on Pasteur is also brightened up by some unnecessary picturesque frills, but it is readable and interesting. The best of the four is John Merrett's *Captain James Cook*, in which the style is admirable. *Commandos* would appeal only to older boys with a serious interest in military affairs. The author has, if anything, erred on the side of dryness, but he is to be wholeheartedly commended for refusing to glamourise this over-glamourised force. Their deeds are their most effective praise. Egon Larsen's *Inventions*, which consists of a series of chapters, each dealing with an important invention from printing to atomic power, was a most happy idea. But I wish the publishers of this series had had the courage to dispense with illustrations, and content themselves with a frontispiece. The woolly and indifferent line-drawings do not do credit to the letterpress.

Great Company is written for older children, especially those intending to become doctors. It deals with nine pioneers of medical knowledge, and is meant to be something superior to the usual "popular" biography. Miss Chambers is moved by a sincere and passionate interest in her subject, but I cannot feel happy about the over-dramatic style which she has adopted for her purpose.

In Ruth Tomalin's new life of W. H. Hudson, claimed by the publisher to be the first full-length biography, we cannot help being struck by the contrast between the rather tepid chronicle here presented and the vivid splendour of Hudson's own pages. When Miss Tomalin forgets to deck her writing with gaudy references to "the blue dome of the sky" and the like, she manages to extract some interest from Hudson's life. The same difficulty encounters the biographer of Thoreau, who seems to have been a dullish man outside the pages of *Walden*, and even his friendships with Emerson and Hawthorne yield only a mild interest.

One of the most sociable and likeable of natural-

"This is the book of a thoughtful, devout and exceptionally well-informed personage." RAYMOND MORTIMER—*Sunday Times*

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With a Foreword by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

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"He has a fund of anecdote about people and places which must surely be unequalled by any other living person."—*Yorkshire Evening Press*.

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In this book, which is a development from his earlier work, *Money, Its Present and Future*, Professor Cole covers the world economic situation during the period of two World Wars and the years up to 1953. He deals particularly with the post-war difficulties of the Sterling Area, the balance of payments crises, Marshall Aid and other American assistance, the Bretton Woods Agreements, E.P.U., the I.M.F., and G.A.T.T. He concludes with his suggestions on the lines on which future economic plans should be directed if the non-Communist world is not, by its attachment to America, to be ruined by either the boom or slump which is always threatened in that economically unpredictable country. 25*s. net*

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A Life of Wilhelm II, Last Emperor of Germany

by JOACHIM VON KÜRENBERG

This work, which is the first complete German "Life" of the Kaiser, is primarily a personal biography, the intention being to provide a full portrait of the man rather than a study of his times. Von Kürenberg was appointed as biographer by the Kaiser at Doorn, and was able to consult his subject frequently. The results of these numerous interviews are incorporated in the text of the work, so that the Kaiser's point of view is given in juxtaposition to the judgement of others. The book is fully documented. *Illustrated*. 30*s. net*

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"Mr Raymond writes powerfully and has drawn the three main characters very well."—*Daily Telegraph*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

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NELSON

ists was Gilbert White, also married to nature and no one else, but with deep family affections and something of the endearing fussiness of Cowper, without his obsessive melancholia. His one book, the crown to a lifetime of patient devotion, is a masterpiece, and his latest biographer has done wisely in quoting copiously from *Selborne* and from White's letters and journals. These three titles are intended for general readers, and are in no way "written down."

The Story of People is one of the most interesting books for children which have come my way for a long time. It is an attempt to present anthropology to young readers, a task which sounds forbidding and could not have been easy. May Edel writes with clarity and a rare talent for making her subject thoroughly engrossing. Her book is aimed at readers of twelve and over, and her style is on just the right level both in vocabulary and in tone. She deals successively with the various ages of primitive culture, skilfully combining factual information with theoretical deduction. It is unfortunate that this notable book should not have been better illustrated. The line illustrations are messy and badly drawn; and somewhere there should have been a time chart.

JAMES REEVES

TWINS vs. MISCREANTS

Cormorant's Commandos. By GEORGE E. HALEY. *Blackie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Island of Birds. By OLIVIA FITZROY. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Song of the Bluebird. By BERNARD MARTIN. *Independent Press.* 6*s.*

Village Fanfare. By DONALD SUDDABY. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The School of Mystery. By PETER BURGOYNE. *Blackie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Wings over Tewkesley. By REGINALD TAYLOR. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Black Banner Abroad. By GEOFFREY TREASE. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Secret Motor Car. By NORMAN DALE. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Tim of Tamberly Forest. By IRENE BYERS. *Max Parrish.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The World Upside Down. By WILLIAM MAYNE. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Falkland Islands Mystery. By "SEA-LION." *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Hurricane Harland Hits Out. By TOM ALLUM. *Blackie.* 5*s.*

The manly scent of pipe-tobacco, the clump of brogues or sea-boots, a glimpse of keen features, and occasional ejaculations of "Great Scott!"—all announce the annual Christmas visit of our literary Uncles and Aunts. This year, as usual, they've brought their families: plucky, good-natured children, with a high proportion of twins; warm-hearted, sensible mothers, always at hand with hot drinks and sandwich lunches; genial boatmen and shopkeepers, feudal in humility and loam-rich of accent; fussy, eccentric schoolmasters; cracking good sorts in the Navy and the police force; a few friendly Frenchmen or misunderstood Americans; and a liberal handful of rather obtuse villains, frequently foreign miscreants, without whose presence the summer holidays would be just like yours or mine.

Or would they? To judge from the adventures recounted this Christmas, travel agents and seaside guest-houses have few takers among the families of fiction. Many children, it seems, stay at home for the holidays, engrossed in the underground secrets of the parental mansion: some stay with aunts or village goodies: others travel with school parties or *au pair*. By far the most popular recreation is boating; and this, in at least three cases, has lately involved that favourite of all August utopias, the Island. Mr. Haley's family, the crew of M.V. *Cormorant*, found a splendid example in the westerly reaches of the English Channel: they called it Dead Man's Chest. Their adventures here included running fights with some rough-and-toughs from the mainland, a narrow escape from drowning when a storm carried them into the Atlantic, and some plausible brushes with the ancient Romans in the construction of a giant catapult and the discovery of buried treasure. Their seamanship and navigation were impeccable. Miss Fitzroy's children, on *The Island of Birds* in the Hebrides, were quieter and more thoughtful: they were convalescing after measles. They too clashed—not quite successfully—with some sinister invaders; but the interest and beauty of their story is its absorption in life on the deserted island, dominated by the solitary fisherman who makes his home there. A similar feeling at first invests *The Song of the Bluebird*. Mr. Martin's young hero, Jim Saltmarsh, started out on a yachting holiday which promised an agreeable sea tang; but with the advent of Molly Christie, a visiting New Zealander, things quickly went wrong. The children, we're told, were kidnapped and threatened with the fate of Displaced Persons, only to be rescued by a wayward internationalist, a one-man Unesco disguised first as an English painter and then as a Jacques Tati gendarme. Frankly, I don't believe a word if it.

Even less credible are some of the other novelties. Mr. Suddaby brings us a new genre—Historical Science Fiction, or The Man From the Future *in 1907*. This, with nightmare illustrations from Fred Exell, has moments of prickly atmosphere and some good village dialogue: but the man from the future is too real to become a villain, and the story therefore never warms up. This can hardly be said of Mr. Burgoyne's adventure in a North Wales prep. school, with boxing matches, flashing lights, secret servicemen, and mysterious laboratories. But the hero is a new master, and the Head turns out to be an ex-boffin gone to the bad. Like Mr. Burgoyne's fiancée, the story seems to be wish-fulfilment for first-year teachers. More fun for a schoolboy is Mr. Taylor's report on the goings-on at Tewkesley School when the Americans brought their jet aircraft: a smartened version of various themes from Greyfriars and St. Jim's. Teachers, however, may be shocked at some unbelievable misprints which include the word "Congretional," and amused to hear that the twin sons of an American Colonel both secured grammar-school places at three days' notice in the middle of the summer term.

Mr. Geoffrey Trease, author of that neo-Orwellian study of boys' books, *Tales Out of School*, can usually be trusted to avoid such pitfalls. At school, at home, and abroad, his backgrounds are always carefully documented and his narratives are seldom far-fetched. *Black Banner Abroad* continues the chronicle of the Bannermere children into last summer, when they took a Shakespeare production to an open-air threatre in Provence, and met mystery and adventure along the way. The result is well-proportioned, intelligent, and absorbing. What's more, Mr. Trease never descends to the homiletic level that *Tales Out of School* might have foreboded. To do so is the constant temptation of the literary Aunt or Uncle, and it's not resisted by Miss Byers in *Tim of Tamberly Forest*. Tim, I'm afraid, is one of those irritating children who are misunderstood—by their creators. His father wanted him to go to sea, where he might have been spared his unflinching virtue and indomitable grit. Instead, he ran away to land, to become a lay figure of propaganda for the Forestry Commission. Although it teaches us a lot about trees, this book is easy to lay down.

Unlike Mr. Trease and Miss Byers, the author of *The World Upside Down* (no relation) seems innocent of overt moral purpose; but his book is the best of those reviewed here. Its story, of a holiday hunt for treasure, is simple but fascinating: its truth, and its warm, homely detail, shine brightly through a style that's classically pure and clear, like that of an early story by William Sansom. There could be no better model, surely, for a children's writer: its direct

exactitude precisely expresses the world that one sees as a child, unblurred by later nostalgia or literary associations. And yet, some doubts remain. There are always those who prefer the adult distortions, the slogans and abstractions and the slipshod prose. Or is it just that they prefer their heftier Uncles, who pack a faster line in punches? "Sea-Lion," for instance: "The Head of the Secret Service pressed the tips of his fingers together . . . . " Or even the fire-eating Mr. Allum: "That he, Benjamin Kenton, a Britisher standing on his own soil, should be menaced by a person of Slav or Mongoloid extraction was intolerable!" Great Scott! But the real joke, and the real tragedy, is that this is what some of us think.

RICHARD MAYNE

NOT SO VILE BODIES

Mercury Presides. By DAPHNE FIELDING (formerly the MARCHIONESS OF BATH). *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

It is impossible, in reading these gay and spirited pages, not to think of Father Rothschild and Uncle Matthew, the Bolter and Agatha Runcible: Mrs. Fielding's memoirs can indeed be considered the real-life reverse side of Mitford and Waugh. Here are the Bright Young People—dressing up as highwaymen and apaches, really holding up people on Irish roads, really being flung round Paris *boîtes*—and the hectic high spirits and gay bad manners of the Twenties. Here are the impossible characters, like Lord Vivian, who insisted on wearing "a sulphur-yellow Chinaman's mask with a long drooping moustache and a pigtail" when giving his tenants their Christmas presents; and the improbable episodes, like hunting the boar in Normandy with the Duke of Westminster's hounds. Here is the scurry after the new craze, the amusing experiment: the Oxford jazz parties, the champagne-and-sun cruises, the gay exploiting of the rich.

It is the lively picture of a generation that was more scolded, written up, and publicly preached at than its politer, parent-dominating successor can have any idea of. Yet one strong impression left by these memoirs is of the innocence and unsophistication of these particular bright young people between the wars. When Daphne Vivian married Lord Weymouth, they had no idea how to tip or order wine, "abroad" was a bit of a mystery, and the food she ordered at home was mainly Irish stew and treacle pudding.

There was a deeper level of unsophistication—Mrs. Fielding gives only a glancing look at public affairs, and Sarah Churchill's ball overshadows Munich. The bright young people seem not to have been very good at understanding what was happening in the world: but when it happened they were remarkably good at adapting themselves to it. So, after 1939, the author—who had already produced four children—became a telephone operator, hospital librarian, estate manager, Longleat guide-in-chief, and obviously put all her charm and power of enjoyment into each role in turn.

Though occasionally she hits off a sharp likeness, there is no particular distinction in her writing. Yet somehow these slapdash and unorganised pages, the rattle about Norman Hartnell and the Rector of Stiffkey, Lord Beaverbrook and Tallulah, Rosa Lewis and the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, do manage to reflect an engaging zest and spiritedness, and a restlessness that seems to spring not from boredom but from the need to find something to attach energy to. Perhaps we should leave the last word to Father Rothschild. When, in *Vile Bodies*, the topic of the Younger Generation spread through the Anchorage House reception like a yawn—

"Don't you think," said Father Rothschild gently, "that perhaps it is all in some way historical? . . . It seems to me that they are all possessed with an almost fatal hunger for permanence. I think all these divorces show that. People aren't content just to muddle along."

WILLIAM SHARP

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'Mr. Traversi is one of the ablest, most persuasive because most intelligible, of the fashionable group of critics who practise "symbolic" criticism.' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. 21s. net

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Books in General

THERE are two kinds of record that may be called biography: one is the history of the temporal personality, the mask that passes through the measurable common world, and whose story is of places visited, people encountered, passages of wit—one thinks of the autobiographies of Sir Osbert Sitwell. The other record is the story of the essential self, who may be absent altogether from the masker that comes and goes in the world, or only intermittently identified with its actions. Observers may truly say that the temporal man was at such a place at such a time; but who can say what thoughts occupied the essential self, who may experience in a dream, or a moment of solitary illumination, the fullness of its life; or, on the contrary, pass through days or years without participating in the life of the mask. Edwin Muir's *Autobiography**, like those of Yeats and Coleridge, tells the story of the inner man. In anecdotes of eminent personalities —although in the course of his life Dr. Muir has met any number of them—this autobiography is uneventful; but in those experiences—dreams, illuminations, moments of vision—by which the human being grows towards its full stature, and in those human relationships that are private and lifelong, it is rich. Such an autobiography is akin to poetry, for it tells of experiences in the world of thought and imagination. The conscientious researcher who comes later to fill in the temporal events that Coleridge did not record in his *Biographia* or Yeats in *Hodos Chameleontos* can add little or nothing to our essential knowledge of the real lives of the poets.

Life is a secret and hidden process, a mystery; how, Edwin Muir asks, are we to begin to record it?

> We extend far beyond any boundary line which we can set for ourselves in the past and the future, and the life of every man is an endlessly repeated life of man. It is clear . . . that no autobiography can confine itself to conscious life, and that sleep, in which we pass a third of our existence, is a mode of experience, and our dreams a part of reality. In themselves our conscious lives may not be particularly interesting. But what we are not and can never be, our fable, seems to me inconceivably interesting. I should like to write that fable, but I cannot even live it; and all I could do if I related the outward course of my life would be to show how I had deviated from it; though even that is impossible since I do not know the fable or anyone who knows it.

The first part of the present autobiography was published as *The Story and the Fable* in 1940; and the discovery of the unknown fable has been Edwin Muir's quest as a symbolist poet; he has given us much of it. But in real life, what is important is the interplay of story and fable, temporal and eternal, *anamnesis* and *mnemosyne*: Edwin Muir is a natural Neoplatonist, though he seldom mentions philosophy. His *Life* is not only a record of a particular life, but an attempt to discover what life itself is.

Yet it would be wrong to suggest that Edwin Muir's autobiography is so personal and private a record as to set him outside the events of his time; still less that there has ever, for him, been any question of escape into a subjective world. On the contrary, few men have suffered more, in poverty and other temporal hardship, illness and death among those nearest to him, or in the absence of any early friend, or any of those opportunities that set the young upon their way. The surprising thing is that he ever survived his youth at all. From a boyhood in the Orkneys, where his father was a small farmer who failed after a long struggle, he came, in his early teens, to Glasgow, there to be subjected to all the dehumanising forces of a competitive struggle for survival, breeding brutality and loss of self-respect. For years he worked quietly but determinedly for the Socialist cause, during the worst years of unemployment. Decidedly, Glasgow was no Ivory Tower. His marriage to Willa Muir, the lifelong partner of all his literary work, terminated his personal bondage. Her Viking courage, and her faith in the poet he had not yet become, made his marriage a turning-point, not only in personal happiness but in creative power. One wonders whether, without his wife, there would ever have been an Edwin Muir the poet.

The Muirs left Glasgow behind like a nightmare. Alone he was too patient and gentle a character even to think of escaping from the squalid bone-yard where he worked as a clerk; and yet coming to London was not, after all, difficult. They found friends wherever they travelled, in London, then Germany, Italy and Czechoslovakia, where they lived by translating; it is through them that Kafka's genius became known to English-speaking readers. They were less stormy nomads than D. H. Lawrence and Frieda, but like them they had "come through." For all that, Europe was no more an Ivory Tower than Glasgow had been: the poet and his wife saw the beginnings of Nazism in the countries they had come to love; and when, after the last war, Dr. Muir returned to Prague as head of the British Institute, they saw its end-results, the destruction of a way of life that had seemed good and humane; in the early phases of Communism, they seemed to recognise the germs of the same inhumanity. The poet who, as a young man in Glasgow, had come near to breakdown through his own and his family's personal suffering under the conditions of a great modern city, was, after his second visit to Prague, near to being crushed by a greater despair for the suffering world. Muir's refusal to despair has been heroic. It is the measure, not only of his own greatness but, one may say, of the greatness of man, for it has been the Fable, and not the Story, from which the poet has drawn strength.

It is unnatural in man, he insists, to be merely "natural."

> The sense of corruption in *King Lear* comes from the fact that Goneril, Regan and Cornwall are merely animals furnished with human faculties as with weapons which they can take up or lay down at will. . . . Words are their teeth and claws, and thought the technique of the deadly spring. They are therefore *unnatural* in belonging completely to nature.

The poet himself as a young man knew the concept as experience and battled with the nightmare of a materialist vision. It was associated with one summer evening in Glasgow in 1919.

> I did not believe in the immortality of the soul at that time, I was deep in the study of Nietzsche, and had cast off with a great sense of liberation all belief in any other life than the life we live here and now, as an imputation on the purity of immediate experience, which I had intellectually convinced myself was guiltless and beyond good and evil. I was returning in a tramcar from my work; the tramcar was full and very hot; the sun burned through the glass on backs and necks, shoulders, faces, trousers, skirts, hands, all stacked there impartially. Opposite me was sitting a man with a face like a pig's, and as I looked at him in the oppressive heat the words came into my mind, "That is an animal." I looked round me at the other people in the tramcar; I was conscious that something had fallen from them and from me, and with a sense of desolation I saw that they were all animals, some of them good, some evil, some charming, some sad, some happy, some sick, some well. The tramcar stopped and went on again, carrying its menagerie.

In the philosophy of Communism he finds again that unnatural perversion that sees man as having no supernatural, and hence no possibility of forgiveness. In the Thirties "conversion to Communism seemed to be easy, especially for the young. It was, I fancy, because people were hypnotised by false alternatives". But to him it then seemed that,

> in the Communist system there is no place for forgiveness, except at the end of time; no chink through which mercy to a bad or lapsed Communist can steal, or admiration for a brave or good opponent. . . . It seemed to me that there was no place in the "System" for great and magnanimous actions, any more than for natural affections. To forgive an enemy was a sin against the system; to forgive an erring brother was a reprehensible weakness. I tried to think of ordinary people, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers and children, lovers and friends, and to imagine them all as unforgiving and unforgiven, on principle and not merely by inclination; and I realised that it was impossible to wish this and to understand mankind.

One hopes that humanity is bound finally to triumph over the System in the Communist world; but in Prague, where the Muirs saw the early stages of Communism in 1947 and 1948, it seemed a calamity "both irresistible and unnatural, for it is unnatural for human beings to act impersonally towards one another". In Rome, on the other hand, the last European city in which the Muirs lived before their final return to Scotland, he found everywhere reflected the profound beauty and meaning of the Fable. "The history of Rome is drenched in blood and blackened with crime; yet all that seemed to be left now was the peace of memory". Here, above all, the poet found that central Christian image that unites the Story with the Fable—the symbolism of the divine incarnation.

Had he remained in the Orkneys, where the tradition of a pastoral life still lingers—though, as everywhere else in the world, rapidly losing ground—he might have lived the fable, but left no record of it. Had he been born in Glasgow he might have made his way to London, like other "provincial" young men with literary ambition; but then he would not have possessed as his birthright the key to the fable. What sets him apart is his heritage of the age-old traditional ways and values of pre-industrial man, a culture now almost extinct even in Ireland (where Yeats

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* *An Autobiography*. By EDWIN MUIR. *Hogarth*. 18s.

still found it), Wales (where Dylan Thomas picked up its last echoes) and in the north and west of Scotland, where it has survived a hundred years longer than in most parts of England—a reason no doubt why so much of the best English poetry of this century has come from these three countries.

The late rivalry between so-called "provincial" and "metropolitan" writers is a very shallow affair indeed, a struggle of competitive ambition involving no deep difference of values (unless class is considered to be such). Dr. Muir can no more be called a "provincial" writer than can Yeats; yet he has brought from his Orkney childhood, remote from the metropolis in much more than distance, the essential images of his symbolism and imaginative values of which both London and the provincial cities are alike ignorant. He has never disowned his past, ascending some imagined ladder of fame; it is by keeping his roots that he has been able to write poetry that, in its imaginative translucence, revealing the eternal through the temporal, no other living poet has equalled. But if Orkney gave him an imagery of Eden, it is not that life is less arduous or less tragic in the remote farms and crofting townships of Scotland than in any modern city—rather the reverse. Yet whatever is hard, or tragic, remains within a conception of man's inherent dignity and supernatural destiny that the modern world is in danger of losing altogether. But even in the cities, even in the years of Belsen and Buchenwald, Edwin Muir has never consented to see man as less than he has seemed to Plato and Plotinus, or the anonymous authors of the Sagas and Ballads, his natural and spiritual ancestors.

KATHLEEN RAINE

EFFIGIES

I

His glances were directive, seemed to move
Pawns on a secret chess-board. You could fancy
You saw the pieces in their wooden jig
Pass in geometrical obedience
From square to square, or stop like broken clockwork
When silence spoke its checkmate. Past that arena
Stretched out a winding moonlight labyrinth,
A shining limbo filled with vanishing faces,
Propitious or dangerous, to be scanned
In a passion of repulsion or desire.
His glances knew two syllables: "Come" and "Go."
When he was old and dull his eyes grew weary,
Gazing so long into the shifting maze,
And narrowed to the semi-circle before him,
The last defence. There if a stranger entered,
His heart, that beat regardless far within,
Grew still, a hawk before the deadly drop,
Then beat again as his quick mind found the gambit.
All this he hardly knew. His face was like
The shining front of a rich and loveless house,
The doors all shut. The windows cast such brightness
Outwards that none could see what was within,
Half-blinded by the strong repelling dazzle.
Set in the doors two little judas windows
Sometimes would catch the timid visitor's eye
And he would grow aware of a nameless something,
Animal or human, watching his approach,
Like darkness out of darkness. When he was dying
The pieces sauntered freely about the board
Like lawless vagrants, and would not be controlled.
He would whisper "Stop,"
Starting awake, and weep to think they were free.

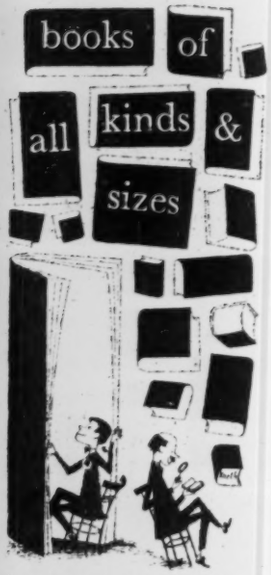
II

Revolving in his own
Immovable danger zone,
Having killed his enemy
And betrayed his troublesome friend
To be with himself alone,
He watched upon the floor
The punctual minutes crawl
Towards the remaining wall
That opened in eternity,
And thought, "Here is the end."
Cut off in blind desire,
From the window he would see,
Twisting in twisted glass,
The devastated street,
The houses all gone wrong,
Watch hats and hurrying feet,
Wild birds and horses pass,
Think, "All shall go up in fire,
Horse, man and city, all."
Or dream a whole day long
Of miles and miles of way
Through hills down to the sea
At peace in a distant day;
Gazing upon the floor.
No knock upon the door.

III

She lived in comfort on her poor few pence
And sweetly starved to feed her swelling dream
Where all she had done came back in grievous blessing.
She had left her house and was by her lover left;
Her flying wings struck root upon his shoulders,
And in the self-same flight bore him away.
Her life was all an aria and an echo,
And when the aria ceased the echo led her
Gently to alight somewhere that seemed the earth.
There gradually she withered towards her harvest,
That grew as she grew less, until at last
She stared in grief at mounds and mounds of grain.

EDWIN MUIR



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LLOYD GEORGE

Tempestuous Journey: Lloyd George, His Life and Times. By FRANK OWEN. *Hutchinson. 25s.*

Mr. Owen's much publicised volume would have been rather better than it is—and it is in fact admirable journalism—had he not felt from the outset that he must never disappoint his public by failing to be dramatic. I do not know what tense is represented by "was to be"; perhaps it is a pluperfect-future or a prophetic-aorist? Here is a sentence (which is not Mr. Owen's, but a fair parody of many) to illustrate my point. "Little did Farmer Jones know when he caught young George in his apple tree that the seat he was so lustily dusting would one day grace the Treasury Bench." The reason for such unnecessary forward thrusts in the narrative is, I suppose, an unnecessary fear that the audience may be bored by a plain story which keeps past, present and future in their proper order.

This is a small complaint which applies no more to Mr. Owen than to a hundred other journalist biographers. Mr. Owen has done a good job, delving among the many thousands of documents which Mr. Lloyd George in his later days at Churt used to show one with the explanation that throughout the war, as a solicitor, he threw all kinds of documents, unsorted, into boxes and took them home. He had accumulated, he said, in his private archives more information than they had in Whitehall. Mr. Owen has steered a clear and skilful course through the complexity of the war and post-war period, and gives a particularly illuminating and well-documented account of L.G.'s relations with Churchill. He produces the text of the scribbled notes they threw across the table to each other during Cabinet meetings, and he shows convincingly, on the evidence of their formal correspondence, how much better Lloyd George's judgment was than Winston's during the struggle over intervention against the new Soviet government after the first World War. He also makes public a comic letter from General Smuts, prudently recommending himself as Commander of the American army in France in June, 1918.

Frank Owen explains more fully than anyone has done before the fatal part which the Lloyd George Fund played in preventing any reconciliation within the Liberal Party and in keeping Lloyd George in the wilderness. In the long run it was distrust of L.G. personally and the belief that he was running his own show for himself that kept out of English Government the most politically gifted man of this century. One always felt at Churt that he knew he was far cleverer than any of the others and that therefore, sooner or later, he must be again at the head of affairs. I remember when he was running one of his personal campaigns in the Thirties I suggested that the Tories might make political use of it. He put his finger to his eye and roguishly squinting up to me, said "Do you see any green in my eye?" No, there was no green, but there was the even more fatal taint of wiliness.

H. N. Brailsford tells the story of how, as Secretary of one of the women's suffrage groups, he obtained from Lloyd George a promise to make a statement favourable to the women at a public meeting next day. He did nothing of the sort, and, in reply to Brailsford's indignant protest, explained that he could not make the statement because he had sensed it would be unpopular with his audience. L.G. might have done better if he had not had this "sixth sense," which enabled him intuitively to know what was in the minds of other people. Lord Keynes used to give as an example an occasion when Lord Robert Cecil (as he then was) called on L.G. during the Versailles Conference. Cecil told him on the way to L.G.'s apartment that he had decided to resign in protest against the Premier's trickery and bad faith. He arrived, determined and angry. L.G. at once divined Cecil's frame of mind. They left an hour later, after listening to L.G. at his most winning and hypnotic. Cecil stopped Keynes in the road outside, remember-

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ing with astonishment that he had not even broached the subject of his resignation.

Mr. Owen does not hide the difficulties of the last phase of Lloyd George, when he repeatedly refused to join the Churchill Cabinet and was deeply hurt when Churchill finally compared him to Pétain. I had long conversations with him at this period and the other day unexpectedly turned up a full note of a talk with him after a visit to Churt. The Memorandum is undated, but it clearly belongs to the dark period before the German invasion of Russia. A short extract will serve to amplify Mr. Owen's account of L.G.'s state of mind.

> He began almost at once to tackle me about our two leaders in the *N.S. & N.*, which argued that a compromise peace with Hitler would be fatal. He said that if it were a question of survival, he would fight to the last man, etc. He was no pacifist and if he could win he would fight it out. But he judged that we could not win. How was victory possible? He [analysed all the military factors] and said that at best he saw stalemate. "In a year's time," he said, "if we are both alive, you will be sitting here and I shall remind you of this conversation. We shall be weaker and Germany will be stronger. Peace will be more difficult to get, the war will have spread everywhere in the world, causing suffering and destruction beyond imagination and you will not be a whit nearer solution." I said: "This is an odd conversation between you and me. In 1917 you proclaimed the knock-out blow and Lansdowne was defeated. I regarded you as the devil and I think I was right. A compromise with *that* Germany was possible, and the results of victory have been what we have seen." "No," he said, "I did not proclaim the knock-out blow until I had Asquith's agreement and had enquired from the Germans whether they were willing to evacuate Belgium. I got no answer. And a knock-out blow was justified by a rational calculation. I could see how we could win. And I was right. We did win. This time there is no rational calculation which shows how victory is possible."

The Memorandum goes on with a full summary of L.G.'s argument that in our desperate situation, and with Winston as Prime Minister, negotiation was impossible. "Winston," he said "likes his war." He had had much argument with Winston who had shouted "Never, never, never" when he talked of conversations with the Nazis. But L.G. had no positive proposals except to call for a world conference of Powers, proclaim the futility of the war and invite a general settlement. He thought we might be invaded but not out-and-out defeated. His reasonable view was that in such circumstances, if he were not identified with Churchill, he might be England's "last chance" as a negotiator. As it turned out Hitler invaded Russia instead of Britain and L.G. lived on until Churchill's military victory was assured.

Frank Owen attempts no consistent personal appreciation of Lloyd George. He lets the story speak for itself. It is the story of a young Welshman of unique gifts who was always instinctively radical, a reformer with guts, and an unequalled zest for combat. If he had died in 1914 he would be the idol of radical Little Englanders; if he had died in 1919 he would have been the warrior who saved England. As it is people will go on writing books about him and remain not quite sure what to say.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MANTICORS OF THE MOUNTAINS

The Book of Beasts. Translated and edited by T. H. WHITE. *Cape.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

This fascinating book is a translation of a twelfth-century Latin "Bestiary"—one of those natural histories of the Middle Ages where there was no sophisticated line drawn between nature and supernature. Mr. White believes the work to have been compiled or copied at the Cistercian abbey of Revesby in Lincolnshire. Its author therefore takes his place near the head of that illustrious line of typically English writers which includes Gilbert White and Charles Darwin. In an appendix remarkable for its display of scholarship, Mr. White deals with this particular bestiary and with the kind of which it is a representative example, with its literary parentage and with its literary offspring—taking a leaf, so to speak, from his book; for the original author was much concerned with generation. And here, it must be admitted, Mr. White tends very slightly to the tedious.

Not so in the work itself however. There his style is a racy mixture of pedantry and slang which, whether or not it reproduces the tone of the original, is certainly a great help to the translation:

> The Ibex symbolises learned men, who are accustomed to shock-absorb whatever adversities befall them with a harmonisation of the two Testaments, as if with some protecting braking-action. They prop up the good which they do on two things: the testimony of the Old Testament and the reading of the Gospel.

The reference there is to the Ibex's protective horns. Or, to go to an opposite extreme:

> Admitting that the whole of a monkey is disgraceful, yet their bottoms really are excessively disgraceful.

One remembers Chaucer's likening of a friend's face to the "hinder side of a she-ape by the full of the moon." And so it goes, the style carrying the reader lightly over dry patch and boggy patch.

The clerkly bestiarist himself had two main preoccupations—sexuality and morality. And, for a wonder in a churchman, he considered them as quite unrelated. His detailed discussion of the sexual behaviour of the various animals is obviously the result of intense but non-prurient curiosity—and curious it is in most cases:

> According to St. Ambrose, the viper is the most villainous kind of beast, and particularly because it is the cunningest of all species when it feels the lust for coition. It decides to have a bastard union with the sea eel (Murena) and makes ready for this unnatural copulation. Having gone down to the seashore and made its presence known with a wolf-whistle, it calls the Murena out of the waters for a conjugal embrace. The invited eel does not fail him, but offers the desired uses of her coupling to the venomous reptile.

"Now what," says the puzzled scribe, "can anybody make of a sermon like this?" But somehow or other, and at great length, he does make something of it; and not always is it so difficult to "understand such matters in a spiritual manner":

> What would those people say, who are accustomed to laugh at Mysteries, when they hear that a virgin vulture brought forth—those people who think that childbirth is impossible for an unmarried woman whose decency has had no knowledge of man? They actually suppose that the Mother of God cannot do what vultures do!

Oddly enough, the Bestiary does not deal with the Cuckoo, nor has Mr. White any comment on so strange an omission. Can it be that the Cuckoo was but a wandering voice, disembodied of bird, to this cloistered monk? It may have been so, for from beginning to end the book shows only occasional evidence of direct observation. However, on one point the author was well-informed. He knew that the swallow migrates—which is more than Gilbert White did: "It flies across the sea," says the bestiarist, "and there overseas it lives during the winter."

Of course, of all birds, the swallow was most likely to be known to a monk. On the other hand, he ought to have known bees—did actually know them and kept them in hives. Yet he writes complacently—

> Many people have proved that these creatures are born from the corpses of cows. As a matter of fact, one ought more accurately to say that bees are born from oxen, hornets from horses, drones from mules and wasps from donkeys.

Mr. White embroiders his text with speculative footnotes. By an ingenious and not quite convincing course of reasoning he concludes that the Sirens were really nightingales, so that he thinks "we can answer at least one of the conundrums posed by Sir Thomas Browne." And he is ever anxious to prove that his Bestiary is a rational scientific work—"one of those bases upon which our own knowledge of biology is founded." Wherein, heaven knows, so fantastic seems so much modern biology, he may not be far wrong.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

YOU MUST NOT ASK

Lewis Carroll. By DEREK HUDSON. *Constable.* 21*s.*

When the diaries of Lewis Carroll were published this year they turned out to be little more than a trite and methodical shorthand about his daily engagements. They suggested a lonely man of habit closed to himself and noting his mere existence. No unguarded word suggested why childhood had its hard grip upon the clergyman and the mathematical don; nothing illuminates the odd, precise and pernickety feeling for the company of little girls that released his genius for play. Surely some crisis, some give-away reflection might have been set down? There was nothing.

A similar impression is given by Mr. Hudson's definitive biography. The lives of writers are often dull but Carroll surpasses all in monotony, reserve and touchy circumspection. It seems unlikely that he was ever in love; he was never greatly troubled by the religious doubts of the period; he bickered with the Dean and the dons at Christ Church; he went to Scarborough, Whitby and Sunderland—where the supposedly original walrus is kept stuffed in the museum—he went for a historic boating trip down the Thames; it is a matter of dispute whether he ever went to Llandudno. He had occasional trouble with the mothers of the little girls who became his friends; there was alarm when, as the time went by, he proposed with great diffidence, that one or two of them should be photographed naked. From his point of view a perfectly respectable request: there was a mid-Victorian fashion for drawings of naked children. But there were other difficulties besides deans, dons and

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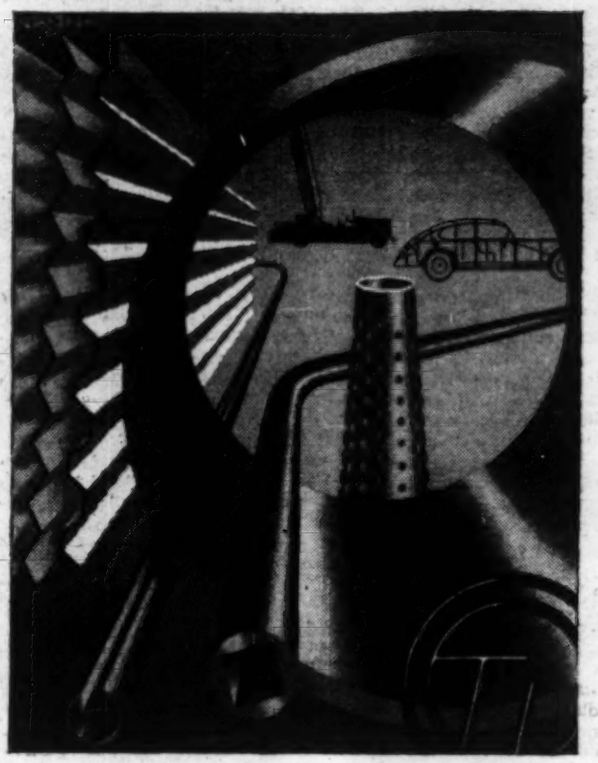

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one or two mothers. He had trouble about the wine cellar at Christ Church, he was tormented all his life by doubts about his true work, his success as a mathematical tutor, his obligations as a citizen and his worthiness as a Christian. Cautious and indecisive, he dabbled. He played with drawing, poetry, conundrums, Euclid and every intellectual interest including medicine; dabbling awakened his conscience and drove him to overwork.

A graphologist, whom Mr. Hudson has consulted, has noted a fixation on the past in Carroll's handwriting and, behind "a façade of social adjustment, a very rebellious mind." Between twelve and twenty he, it is surmised, had been severely wounded as a person by his unhappiness at Rugby—a shy, sensitive, stammering boy in a tough, sporting school—and by the loss of his mother. Of his father we know that he was a brilliant man, but an authoritarian of irritable temper, who laid down a financial plan for his son, very young. Carroll certainly rebelled to some extent against this but without hostility. Much more important is the father's own talent for nonsense. When Carroll was eight his father wrote to him a perfectly Carrollian letter:

> I will not forget your commission. As soon as I get to Leeds I shall scream out in the middle of the street, Ironmongers—*Iron*-mongers—six hundred men will rush out of their shops in a moment—fly, fly, in all directions—ring the bells, call the constables—set the town on fire. I *will* have a file and a screwdriver, and a ring, and if they are not brought directly, in forty seconds, I will leave nothing but one small cat alive in the whole town of Leeds, and I shall only leave that because I'm afraid I shall not have time to kill it.

A tender heart, but a violent and ruthless mind: Carroll inherited the same gift for dissociation and ruthlessness, the same taste for thinking as a game. While the psychologist looks for the conjectural wound, it may pay just as well to look at the inheritance. That the spell of play goes back to literal events in Carroll's childhood there is plenty of evidence, including the fact that, three years ago, someone took up the floorboards at Croft Rectory and found "a white glove" and "a left-hand shoe", among other oddities the Carroll children had hidden there a hundred years before. They are more plausible than the original walrus at Sunderland and those who are tempted to a sophisticated interpretation of Alice's fall down the hole, might consider Carroll's childish games in the holes and tunnels of the Castle at Beaumaris in Anglesey.

Mr. Hudson relates the small strains and comedies of Carroll's careful life with sympathy. Stoicism and pain are mixed in with his oddities. There is the terrifying poem, *My Fairy*, which Carroll wrote at the age of thirteen and which throws a hint that he was already aware that the door of life had banged.

> "What may I do?" at length I cried,
> Tired of the painful task.
> The fairy quietly replied,
> And said, "You must not ask."

Mr. Hudson says little about the allegorical interpretations of *Alice*. The book is not, for him, a fantastic account of the quarrels about the Oxford Movement. Neither does he go into the tricky question of what nonsense really is. It is not saying much to tell us that Carroll had a delight in telling stories to children; so have many writers, but none has written tales so quick, dramatic and original, and so close to the perverse logic of the child's both barbarous and literal intellect, or noted its concern with the tactics of growing up. There is no sucking up to the heart. I think it is very disputable that Carroll's temperament was poetic; it was fantastic, freakish, intellectual and sprang from a child's delight in cleverness and in puzzles. The strangeness and troubled feeling, the melody also, that we find in Lear are missing; and this is natural. At the time when his child-friends began to feel, he dropped them or they dropped him. The only time in Carroll's life when we hear of him being on the brink of love was when he saw the young Ellen Terry act. She was seventeen. The emotion—if it did exist and no one can be sure—was felt in the unreal world of the theatre which Carroll delighted in, and in any case, Ellen Terry was already a married woman.

On one particular point I am sure Mr. Hudson is right. There is no split between Carroll and Dodgson, no element of Jekyll and Hyde in Carroll's character. He remained whole, almost precociously formed and set, on the ten-year-old side of life, and was not tempted beyond it. He learned how to behave, as a child will; and though the punctiliousness of his letters often suggests timidity, it may, on the contrary, be the boldness and cleverness of a man who has learned, as a child will, the concealing artifices of impeccable behaviour. *Alice* is indeed a book about behaviour and how to boss and is a wry reflection on querulous Victorian discipline. Was the fairy of the poem, with her firm "You must not cry, laugh, eat, fight or ask," one of Carroll's older sisters? An Amazon of the nursery who, in the form of one severe little girl after another, would delight him for life by her tyrannies, and whom he could confute only by tricks?

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People of the City. By CYPRIAN EKWENSI. *Dakers.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

An unusually long list? Do not suppose that I am trying to introduce a new set of Stakhanovite norms for novel-reviewers; nearly all these books happen to be short or very short. The flavour is international; authors include a Russian, a West African, two Frenchmen, a German, an American. There are some disappointments, of course.

Korolenko, that amiable long-suffering Ukrainian, comes first by every right of seniority. He is one of those estimable, near-great Russian writers—Leskov is perhaps the outstanding example of this band—who tend to be overshadowed by the hugeness of the giants and, at any rate outside Russia, woefully neglected. This little book, *Korolenko's Siberia*, consists of three short stories which he wrote on the basis of his prison and exile experiences (he was a mild Populist) between 1879 and 1895; they are not so characteristic as some of his novels and stories with a Ukrainian background, in which his graceful, at times almost mellifluous, style is displayed, but they are nice to read. There is *Makar's Dream*, a semi-fantasy about a peasant with a bit of Yakut in him, vodka-soaked, nearly brutish yet clinging to his Orthodox mythology; a prison piece about a madman; and a story of Siberian gangsters and a peasant giant. The translation, uneven but adequate, and the introduction, informative but divided obsessionally into two parts, one at the beginning of the book and one at the end, are by Mr. R. F. Christian.

The German offering is painstaking and praiseworthy to a degree. *The Blind Man*, Heinrich Mittenhaufer, learning that he will never see again, and that the unlit signals of the sightless world, the rustles, twitches, niffs and flavours, will be all he will have to live by for the rest of his days, escapes into a game which he plays with a box of bricks. These help him to build up pictures in his mind's eye. They were given him by an actor friend, Moses, and had at one time helped to preserve the sanity of prisoners in a concentration camp, where some imaginative escape from daily life was essential. Moses, with the help of an old blind man, weans Heinrich back

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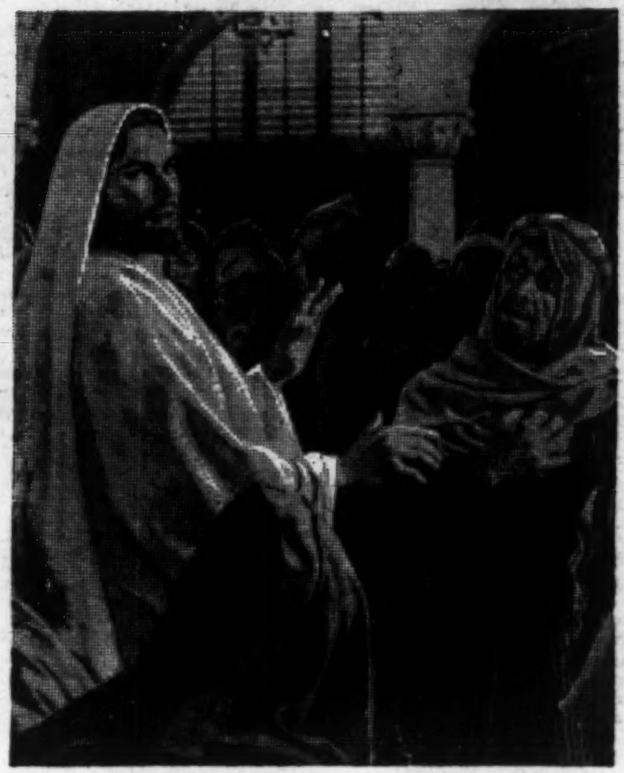

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It was seven years ago that G. B. Stern was received into the Church; in view of the fact that she was one of the best known of women writers in English a certain amount of fuss and fanfare might have been expected, but there wasn't any, and, far from being anxious to talk about it in print herself, she was anxious not to have to. But the priest who received her predicted that one day she would find she wanted to: and now that time has come the result is a most unusual and vividly interesting piece of autobiography.

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from the bricks to reality, which includes the wife whom he had tried to put away in a fit of blind man's impotence and frustration. The brick device may be a little clumsy, but the sensations of blindness are very keenly conveyed, the spiritual optimism so manifestly sincere that you can almost hear Herr Jens groaning as he wrote.

I find the two French books both irritatingly disappointing. *The Postman* is a collection of sketches of French village life, strung together by the personality of Joigneau, the hirsute postman who reads the letters and does a bit of blackmail on the side. The description is meticulously naturalistic with stenches noted, fistulae exposed, hairs on wens enumerated; the attitude a traditionally correct blend of irony and sympathy. But every word reads like a literary exercise and nobody ever really comes alive for a moment. It reinforces my suspicion that (with the possible exception of Duhamel) Martin du Gard is the most overpraised French writer of this century.

Children of Circumstance consists of two novelettes about love-affairs, one after the first world war, the other after the second. *The Girl in the Plane* features a triangular situation on the existentialist belt. Olivier, a writer, marries the feline but not so kittenish little Catherine, while her girl-friend, the masterful, Dominique, is killed in an air disaster: a shapeless story, meandering from the biographical to the anecdotal. In *Nothing To Make A Fuss About* we first meet Michèle Vilmain, another of M. Nimier's masterful women, running an ambulance in Salonika in 1918, taking an interest in a young Austrian prisoner, a painter named Philip Walden. Later, in Paris, when she has set up as a couturière, she has a love-affair with him, and he has love-affairs with her boisterous friend Germaine, and with Anne, a young medical student who looks after Michèle when she has tried to commit suicide. Interest becomes diffused. I become confused, and probably miss some interesting points of comparison between the twenties and the fifties, but I cannot get M. Nimier's wavelength. I do see that he is intelligent and has talent but he is atrociously undisciplined.

Our Englishman provides the nearest approach to the circulating library reader's dream of a fireside bliss and a nice long read. But Mr. Tilsley, in writing about contemporary Labour Party politics at such a high level, is handicapping himself from the start by competing with reality. *Brother Nap*, the bull-like independent minority leader, bears inevitably some positional resemblance to Nye Bevan, but only just enough to make the reader feel cheated. Also Nap's brother, Ted, who tells the story, has a very depressing ego, flat, for all his vaunted north country ruggedness, as a dropped bap. It is difficult to sympathise with him for all his misfortunes: the soggy wife whom he has outgrown but still tries to cherish; the loss of his seat in the House; body blows from the Inland Revenue; struggles to maintain integrity in face of Nap's buccaneering. Mr. Tilsley has been flogging his imagination; and, like so many writers who use the whip, he uses far too many words with it.

The West African gives us an interesting first novel and a useful lesson in sociology and politics. The hero of *People of the City* is Amusa Sango, crime reporter for the *West African Sensation* by day and dance-band leader by night. He has only recently arrived in the big city (Lagos, I imagine) and finds the mixture of new experiences a bit too rich and indigestible. So do most of the younger generation, among them Miss Dupeh Martins, aged sixteen, who is content to "hang about the city hotels and ice-cream bars with not a penny in her handbag, rather than marry a farmer with a thousand pounds a year." She, and her boy friends in their 25*s*. ties, and the petty racketeers who peddle penicillin injections, seem almost indistinguishable from European or American delinquents, but primitive Bush influences, though less strong than you might have expected, are plainly felt. There is not much story but plenty of action. Sango witnesses a mining riot and a *crime passionel*, has some love-affairs, and leaves for the Gold Coast (reputed land of freedom and enterprise) with a lost girl named Beatrice. The picture may be incomplete but you feel it is true so far as it goes. Mr. Ekwensi writes with a curiously impressive artlessness. Some of his dialogue is excellent.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

KEEPING UP WITH BROGAN

An Introduction to American Politics. By D. W. BROGAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s*.

In writing books on American politics, the problem is what to omit, not what to include. The complex and rambling system can be reduced to formal academic summaries, but these lose the vitality that keeps it moving. If, on the other hand, the author piles anecdote on illustration, only a specialist can find his way through the maze of allusions. Professor Brogan, in this new book, has made a brilliant effort to explain the essence of the system by the latter method—but much of it is bound to be above the head of the reader who is persuaded by the title that this is an introduction. It is, more strictly, a commentary which adds nothing to our knowledge of the way the system works—since it is a skilful composition of specialised studies—yet gives a useful sense of the system's dynamics to the student who already has grasped the formal structure from more arid texts.

This is not to belittle this volume, which is based upon a generation of reading, research and personal acquaintance with American politics. But it is so crammed with names, incidents and examples that anyone unfamiliar with U.S. history will have to work very hard to keep hold of Mr. Brogan's line of argument. Given this criticism, which is inherent in the pattern of the book, it is lively and it succeeds in fixing an image of a system that, despite its reliance upon a written Constitution, is in many ways more flexible and more liable to change than our own. The nine chapters deal with themes—the parties, machines and bosses, politics and morals, the conventions, the campaign and relations between President and Congress. Mr. Brogan is rightly more concerned with what politicians actually do, than what they think they do or what the law says they are supposed to do. He is never patronising; he judges the system's success in terms of American conditions, not by comparison with some set of abstract rules or with our political experience; and he has a gift for the sharp phrase. Here is a sample of his style:

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NORMAN MACKENZIE

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True enough, Zukertort did win the great London tournament of 1883, but way up in Leicester there was a boy of ten, greatly annoyed about his hero losing a game or two unnecessarily. A few years later he joined the local Club of which he must be the oldest member by now, his name being Henry Ernest Atkins. I am indebted to the Leicester Chess Club for the loan of their beautifully kept minute books from which I gather that, in an 1888 simultaneous performance by the great Gunsberg, young Henry scored an honourable draw and that soon after, playing sixth board, he scored a full point for his team in a match against Northamptonshire. A year later he played top-board and won the Club championship for the first, but by no means for the last, time. But then he was to score many an International success and to win the British Championship seven times in succession, and twice again after a lapse of 13 years. For, just like other great British masters, he is a true "amateur," and he would never let Chess interfere with his work. His responsibilities as headmaster of a

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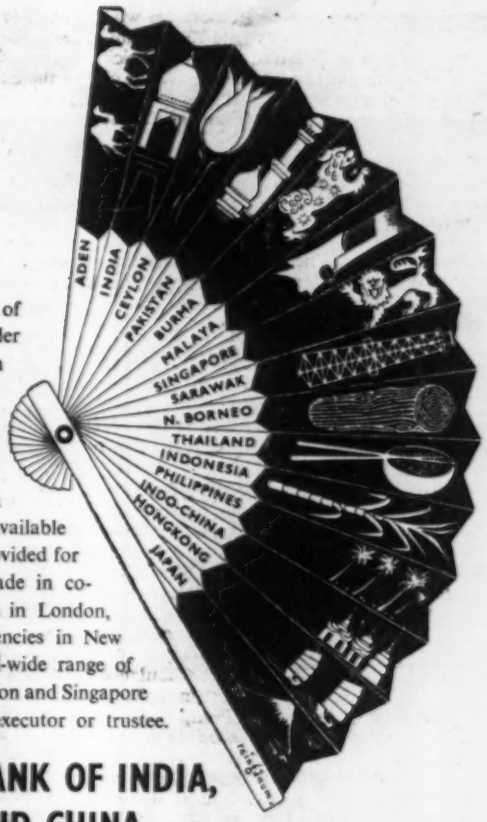

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great school came first, Chess was played for fun and in holidays. He must have had a lot of fun out of it all his long life, and, I am delighted to hear, he still has. Here is a position which (as he kindly let me know), ranks among his favourites. It occurred a mere 55 years ago at the Amsterdam tournament of 1899, Atkins' first international success. He certainly had some fun when, playing Black, he continued with an unacceptable sacrifice: (29) . . . Kt(R) x P, (30) B-KKt1, KR x R, (31) K x R, Q-R2 ch, (32) K-Kt2, Q-R6 ch ! ! White resigned, since obviously, had he taken the Q, he would have been mated in two moves. Now here, played 30 years ago at Southport is a brevity in which Atkins punished his opponent for a slip in a book variation of the Ruy.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(10)	B-K3	O-O
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(11)	QKt-Q2	P-B4
(3)	B-Kt5	P-QR3	(12)	PxP e.p.	KtxP(f6)
(4)	B-R4	Kt-B3	(13)	Kt-Kt5	B-KB4?
(5)	O-O	KtxP	(14)	QKt-K4!	KtxKt
(6)	P-Q4	Q-QKt4	(15)	QxP ch	K-R1??
(7)	B-Kt3	P-Q4	(16)	Q-Kt8 ch!	RxQ
(8)	PxP	B-K3	(17)	Kt-B7 mate	
(9)	P-B3	B-K2			

A: H. E. Atkins 1937

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position achieved by our hero (White) against a noted International master. He forced Black's resignation by one move. How? **B** and **C** are not without some pitfalls. They are both wins for White and worth 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

B: Martin Gohn 1947

C: G. Bernhardt 1948

Usual prizes. Entries by December. 6.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 266. Set November 6

A: (1) R-R8 ch, K x R. (2) Q-R7 mate.
B: (1) B-Q7, P-Kt3. (2) B-K8, R-Kt5. (3) B x QKtP, R-Kt7 (best). (4) B-Q3, P-B7. (5) B-K4, R-Kt6. (6) B x BP, P-K5 (best, because B x P would be countered by R x P). (7) B-Q1 ch, R-B6. (8) B-K2! (Kt x P would only draw), P-Q6. (9) B-Q1, P-Q7. (10) B-K2! etc.
C: (1) P-Kt6 ch, K-Kt2. (2) B-B4!, Q x B. (3) R x P ch!, Kt x R. (4) P-R8(B) ch! ! K x B P-Kt7 ch.
if (3) . . . K-B1. (4) P x B(Q) ch, K x Q. (5) R-Q8 ch, K-Kt2. (6) R-Q7 ch, Kt x R.

Quite a few flawless and a good many near-correct solutions with a few points dropped on **B** and/or **C**. Prizes shared by J. C. Cock, J. R. Harman, A. Schneider, T. J. Simmonds. ASSIAC

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,292

Set by V. Sackville-West

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of the following sonnet by Mellin de St. Gelais, born at Angoulême in 1491, died 1558. Entries by December 7.

Il n'est point tant de barques à Venise,
D'hultres à Bourg, de lièvres en Champagne,
D'ours en Savoie, et de veaux en Bretagne,
De cygnes blancs le long de la Tamise,
Ni tant d'amours se traitent en l'église,
De différents aux peuples d'Allemagne,
Ni tant de gloire à un seigneur d'Espagne,
Ni tant se trouve à la Cour de feintise,
Ni tant y a de monstres en Afrique,
D'opinions en une république,
Ni de pardons à Rome aux jours de fête,
Ni d'avarice aux hommes de pratique,
Ni d'arguments en une Sorbonique,
Que m'amie a de lunes en la tête.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,289

Set by Guy Walsingham

The Mayor of Châteauneuf-du-Pape has issued a decree that " the flights, landings and take-offs of airships called ' flying saucers ' and ' flying cigars ' of any nationality are forbidden on the territory of the community of Châteauneuf-du-Pape." The usual prizes are offered for proclamations from the authorities of Stilton, Colchester, Burton-on-Trent, Glenlivet, Banbury and Oxford, equally calculated to draw attention to their local product.

Report by Guy Walsingham

There was a certain lack of *rapport* between setter and competitors: and, in so far as ambiguous wording may have been responsible, I express regrets, and assurances that no one was disqualified for thinking I had asked for a decree for each of the towns. A more serious divergence was the failure of many to realise that the edict need not actually mention the local product, except obliquely. P. M. was quite off the rails, but—in a lean week—I cannot resist quoting her note for Visitors to Glenlivet:

Round here you need a Grant to wear the Kilt—
For this is clansmen's country. Blood once spilt
In feud and foray stained the heathered moor
But could not quench our spirit. Proud though poor
We kept our secret still—'neath peat and divot
We hid our strength. But now we give it
To all who value life—*and Livet.*

L. G. Udall was on to the right tack of irrelevance with his Glenlivet Provost: " Until the 30th of March next we hereby remove all restrictions on mixed bathing in the loch." Lakon neatly drew attention to his Colchester fiat by his OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZTER! John Craig threatened that Banbury police would " seize allusions to another land of cakes as obscene publications." Burton drew most entries.

But it must be sadly conceded a disappointing result: there are only four prizes, of a guinea each for those printed. Runners-up; Tom Putt, J. Muirhead, Paul Best.

OXFORD

In order to preserve the decencies and to discourage inferior imitations calculated to corrupt the simple, The Mayor of Oxford, Vice-Chancellor and Proctors hereby decree that the City and University of Oxford are alone entitled to produce the undermentioned items:

Accent, Bags, Causes (whether lost or temporarily mislaid), Groups, Manner, Marmalade, Movement, Morrises, Spires (dreaming), Zuleika.

H. A. C. EVANS

BURTON-ON-TRENT

Notice is hereby given that all airborne reindeer propelled vehicles wheeled or otherwise and drawn by either natural coloured or pink dyed reindeer will be prohibited from landing in the vicinity of Burton-on-Trent during licensing hours on December Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth inclusive.

NANCY GUNTER

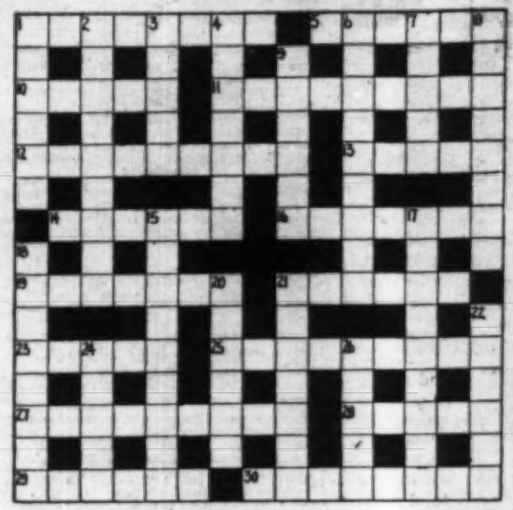
The Borough Council of Burton have resolved to take police proceedings against all fleas, fasters and over-fifties, being convinced that the true interests of culture require all hops to be directed to malt liquor, the stout to be maintained and earlier use to be made of biers. JOHN CRAIG

Be it known by these presents to whom it may concern, and remembered vigilantly by whom it may not: Notice is this day given to all quiz-masters, their occupational heirs and authorised assigns, deputies, stand-ins, stooges, or other representatives whatsoever, that use of the quotation " Why was Burton built on Trent? " as quiz-material must forthwith cease.

ONGAR

Week-end Crossword No. 128

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 128, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 7.



ACROSS

1. Writer who is the opposite of plump and delicate (8).
5. The drink to cripple one (6).
10. Wilts like flowers (5).
11. An instrument starts the abuse (9).
12. Good boy, but caught with a coin in his grasp—how odd! (9).
13. Animal found in hot territory (5).
14. Only half the drink is for gratuity (6).
16. A people extending from pole to pole is not Christian (7).
19. Angels for her among the young (7).
21. The navy is after a fashion up-to-date (6).
23. Slowly although it is mainly fast time (5).
25. Distorted screams as in horrible bloodshed (9).
27. If not dismissed the shopkeeper becomes healthier (9).
28. Cried if the drink were spilt (5).
29. Finally there is a place for both of us in the project (6).
30. Perhaps the treat in the coach gets too much praise (8).

DOWN

1. Something sweet makes a start with a gentleman (6).
2. The right of a citizen is man's only in a European country (9).
3. Vegetable secretion (5).
4. The opposite is never confused (7).
6. Created a loud demand for a star in the rising moon (9).
7. Turn for Oliver (5).
8. He will get his degree, but does glory come afterwards? (8).
9. Red Cross seen among enemy military personnel (6).
15. Here the chief of the underworld is in his element (9).
17. Ammunition which will carry the range? (9).
18. Concessions include an appeal for shells (8).
20. It comes in identical material (6).
21. To produce injustice put me in the wind (7).
22. The bird eats fish, so soars up above its victim (6).
24. Who has to score first? Not Chelsea (5).
26. Fashionable occasion for a northerner (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 126

KNOWLAND WALLOP
I N A E B A O
SEARCHED BARNET
M G O D S D A
ETERNAL MAHOMET
T R I E E E A O
CAMARADERIE
S E A C K S
COMPORTMENT
O I B C N E P V
WISBECH AVARICE
L S L R C P S
ISATIN NIGHTIES
N R Z E E N E
GEYSER ASTRAGAL

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 126

Mrs. D. Gee (Carshalton), Miss R. C. W. Klijnstra (Voorschoten), Mrs. M. O. Davis (Brockley, S.E.4).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters Restnt., White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

REDECORATED one-room flat, service. Quiet road between Abbey Rd. & Swiss Cottage. £2 12s. 6d. MAI. 2954.

LARGE b/sit. Highbury, facing gdn. All facs. 37s. 6d. Brown, CAN. 3430.

UNIV. Lecturer offers use of her furnished flat (S.W.11) during term to one careful guest. 35s. weekly. Box 2641.

CHRISTMAS to end of March, owners' absence abroad, 2 large furn. rooms in well-kept self-contained flat to let, £4 10s. p.w. (only one other tenant). Quiet district, 20 mins. West End, every comfort incl. sensible heating arrangements. Box 2686.

SUNNY comf. divan-bed sit., bkfast. 2gns. Other meals optional. Mod. quiet house 25 mins. West End. GLA. 7297.

LARGE very well furn. room N.W.2. Within few minutes buses and Tube Stn. Cooking facils. Use bath., phone, £2 10s. p.w. Breakfast extra if required. Phone 8 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. or after 8 p.m. MEA. 1715.

COMFORTABLE 3-roomed flat North London. Own meters and toilet. Rent 3½gns. incl. C.H.W. Box 2742.

WIDOWER wishes share large flat with couple (thirties). Earls Court. Available now. Ring KNI. 4236 day.

COMFORTABLE bedsitting-room, meals as required. Adjacent Dollis Hill Tube station. Phone GLA. 5230.

COMF. bed-sit. with cook. fac. Use bath, tel. Near Tube/Bus. Hamp. Box 2587.

COMF. bed-sitting-room, suit business or prof. gentleman. Flat 5, Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns. MAI. 0157.

CENTRALLY-heated room, breakfast, near Underground & town; graduate household. Reasonable. SPE. 5027.

LADY wants to share flat letting large tastefully furn. divan-room to professional person. PRI. 9031.

ONE room and kitchen, part furnished; top floor. Near transport. Highgate. 35s. weekly. Box 2578.

B/S. overlg. gdn., share k/b. Suit sgle. lady. WIL. 2073 evening/wkend.

MAN seeks co-operation use 8-room house, 3 very large, two bathrooms, 2 kitchens, 2 toilets, partly furnished, garage, acre land, much fruit, Highgate. Box 2525.

YOUNG couple offer two furnished rooms, use kitchen and bathroom, in flat W. Ken. area. Rent £2 per week. Box 2623.

HAMPSTEAD. Furn. sgle. or dble. bedsits., perm. or temporary. Cooking facs. Foreigners welcome. HAM. 4585.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

GRADUATE hsehold. Sgle. rm. Light ckg. fac. 45s. 6d. p.w. HAMpstead 8109.

MODERN B/S rm., all convens., student or business man. GLA. 4742.

LARGE pleas. room to let unfurn./semi-furn., few months. Share kit./bathroom. Attractive neighbourhood, N.1. Box 2711.

NEWLY dec. dble. furn. room with terrace & kitchenette, h. & c., el. htg. & anthracite stove; Swiss Cottage. PRI. 4569 after 11.

WELL-furn. bed-sit. Belsize Pk. Gdns. Quiet, pleas. surroundings. PRI. 2354.

TWO newly-furn. bed-sits. in private flat, Kensington; h. & c., service, linen, telephone. 2½gns. and 3½gns. Suit two friends or let separately. Tel.: FRE. 7982.

WEMBLEY Park: Vac. Jan. 1, lge. lounge dining-room, dble. bedroom, lge. fitted kit. All well-furn. 4½gns. wkly. ARN. 3227.

SHARE of pleasant flat N.W.3 offd. to Jewish girl. Reasonable. PRI. 3447.

SUNNY B/S. room. Comfy furn. for single lady, to let in quiet flat. Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. Use kitchen and bath, 45s. p.w. Vacant early Dec. Write Box 2620.

S.W.13 (on No. 9 bus route). Attractive divan-room with wall lights and elec. fire on meter. Share kitchen and living-room with widower and daughter. Piano, phone, television. Suit young lady (student or business). 35s. includes Linen. Box 2515.

ACTOR has spare bedroom in centrally heated Hendon flat. Use lounge, kitchen, bathroom. C.H.W. £2 10s. week. Box 2509.

HALF a furn. country house offered to couple or 2 ladies. 1-2 bedrooms, compact, restful. Open view. Electric light, garage, garden. S/Walden 2 mls. Box 2581.

WESTERHAM, Kent. Bed-sit. room with all facs. offered lady 6 mths. or more. Mod. terms to congenial person. Box 2244.

OXFORD. Flat (2½ rms., s/c, 3 beds., 16th C. panelling/plumbing), Dec. 6-31, 4½gns. Littlemore Hall, 83a St. Aldate's.

TO let £26 per yr. West Country cottage (holiday furnished) or unfurnished if fittings purchased. Box 2469.

CIVIL Engineer and wife with two children returning from abroad require reasonable rental London, suburban or green belt, furnished house/flat mid-Jan. for two/three months. Box 2712.

ENGLISH business lady, quiet tenant, urgently reqs. furn. accom. Own separate kitchenette essent. Any district. 20 mins. Tube West End. FRE. 5790/FRE. 9748.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

UNIVERSITY teacher seeks long lease of 4/5-room flat, unfurn., £150-£200 p.a., for occupn. by Easter, 1955. Quiet desired and guaranteed. Box 2412.

YOUNG Art student needs studio/bse. flat; wd. share. Approx. £3 p.w. TUD. 1909.

YOUNG Gent. seeks share moderate s/c furn. flat with similar. Box 2739.

TWO or three English business ladies require furnished flat. Own kitchen essential. Will share bathroom. 30 mins. Tube West End. FRE 5790/FRE. 9748.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

YOUNG bus. woman reqs. bed-sit. rm. or flatlet, ckg. facils., where own piano not objected to. S.W. area pref. Box 2741.

PROFESSIONAL couple, no children, require self-contained unfurnished flat. Prepared to do own decorations, repairs, pay rent in advance and, if required, buy some furniture and fittings. Pref. Hampstead or Highgate area. Box 2542.

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WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

SCHOOLS—continued

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TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club reopens Sat., Dec. 4. New premises (newly equipped and decorated), 83 Chiltern St., W.1. Annual subscription 10s. Various activities. Write details Sec. above address.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

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STOP that cold meal from becoming unappetizing by adding a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in History. Terms: Every potential applicant is invited to seek from the undersigned or from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, a copy of the detailed conditions of appointment. Salary Scale: £A1,000—£A60—£A1,360. Superannuation: On F.S.S.U. basis. Application: An application must include particulars of age, nationality, academic record, teaching qualifications, war service (if any) and present position; a list of publications; an account of the candidate's special field or fields of study; copies of testimonials; the names and addresses of two referees of whom enquiries may be made; a recent photograph; and a medical certificate of good health. It should be lodged in duplicate with the undersigned not later than December 10, 1954. Further information about the post or about the University will be supplied on request to A. W. Bampton, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

PROFESSOR of Chemistry and Metallurgy at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E.10. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for this pensionable post for appointment in September, 1955. Age at least 31 on January 1, 1955. Candidates must have high academic qualifications and practical works experience in ferrous metallurgy. Salary £1,700 – £1,950. Exceptionally a starting pay above the minimum may be granted. Accommodation may be provided for an unmarried man. Facilities for research. Secondment from Scientific Civil Service would be considered. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4395/54. Completed applications must be returned by December 14, 1954.

THE Governors of the Glasgow School of Art invite applications for the post of Head of the Department of Drawing and Painting. The salary scale is at present under review, but will be not less than £1,290 × £50 to £1,440 a year, with placing according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned. W. H. Masson, Secretary and Treasurer, 167 Renfrew St., Glasgow, C.3.

N.V. Philips' Telecommunicatie Industrie, Hilversum, require a British male graduate with a degree in Modern Languages, preferably Dutch or German, for the post of Technical Translator. Applicants, preferably single, and under 30, should have a lively interest in science and engineering and an added advantage would be some experience of technical writing. This is a permanent and pensionable appointment and the successful applicant would be required to live in Holland. Interviews will be held in London and applicns. should be sent to Box NS 799, L.P.E., 55 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

SALES Manager required for London Office by company manufacturing synthetic resins and emulsions for the paint, plastics, paper, textile and leather trades. Experience preferably in chemical trade, together with proven ability to organise and control sales office staff and representatives essential. Permanent executive post in key position with excellent prospects. Only a first-class man will be considered. Write in confidence to the Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

BURGESS Hill Coeducational School, new Headmaster James Cunningham East, requires: Part-time Maths. or full-time Maths. and Science teacher to advanced G.C.E. standard. Also Junior teacher for group 7 to 8 years old. 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption supervision; after-care and other field work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (s.a.e. (fscp)), from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date, Dec. 8, 1954.

MATRON, with hospital experience, or qualified nurse, wanted to take full charge of the nurseries, clothing and general health of 35 backward but physically fit boarders (aged 6-13 years). Salary according to experience, full board and lodging: 10 weeks' annual holidays. Apply to Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Reigate, Surrey.

SUBSTANTIAL Printers near London invite applications for Representative. Youthful, experience of Printing Industry essentl. Write fully in confidence: Box 2600.

SENIOR Assistant for correspondence & statistical work, with responsibility for staff. Commencing salary £425-£475. Apply J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Secy., National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Development Engineer. A vacancy has arisen on the senior staff of a large electrical manufacturing organisation for a Senior Development Engineer. This appointment carries responsibility for a variety of projects, from the design to the production stage and a commensurate salary is offered. The minimum academic qualifications required are Higher National Certificate or a degree in electrical engineering, together with experience in the design of A.C. and D.C. machinery and a wide knowledge of electro-mechanical devices. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, should give age, qualifications and experience and should be addressed to Ref. No. EL.8, Box 2610.

DEVELOPMENT Engineer. Owing to the expansion in the laboratory staff of a large electrical manufacturing organisation, vacancies have arisen for Development Engineers with experience in the Design of either A.C. and D.C. machines or with a wide knowledge of electro-mechanical devices. The minimum academic qualification required is Higher National Certificate or a degree in electrical engineering. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, should give age, qualifications and experience and should be addressed to Ref. No. EL.7, stating salary required. Box 2611.

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications invited from trained social workers for appointment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in L.C.C. Public Health Dept. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in their own homes. Social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work, and some experience of social work desirable. Salary £478 (at age 24)—£637. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, returnable by December 8. (1093).

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, York, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

QUALIFIED experienced man or woman, age not over 45, required as full-time Warden of children's club, boys and girls, 5/15 age group, in Barry, South Wales. Possibility of accommodation on premises if required. Application form and details from Secretary, S.C.F. Junior Clubs, 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

EDITORIAL Assistant for Postal Courses, magazine, etc. Commencing salary £425-£500. Apply J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Secy., National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

LADY worker, with interest in social work, required for resident housekeeping post in busy East London Jewish Settlement. Full board and accommodation, plus good salary. Apply to Warden, Box 2523.

COOK-Housekeeper (resident) required for Settlement with 12 residents; salary £300, less emoluments. Apply with names of referees, to Warden, Settlement House, 4 Cumberland Road, Plaistow, E.13.

PRIVATE Secretary required for Westminster District. Knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting essential. Varied and interesting work in friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £7 10s. 6d. per week, rising to £9 0s. 6d. per week over a period of 3 years. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 2524.

WELL-educated secretary-shorthand-typist required by Executive Director, British Committee for Technical Development in Israel, London, W.1. Also other secretarial staff. Telephone HUNter 0356, ext. 6.

MARRIED Women, qualified as shorthand-typists or copy-typists, and seeking well-remunerated posts with short hours, no Saturdays, are invited to register with the St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

RESIDENT Secretary Companion, careful driver, reqd. by lady (widow) magistrate and author. House overlooking Heath. Pleasant garden. Hampstead area. Box 2440.

LITERARY Agency requires secretary able to work on own initiative. Knowledge of German and French essential. Experience of agency work desirable. Box 2685.

COPY and Shorthand Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OXFORD graduate (outstanding University record; barrister) seeks appointment where recent first-hand knowledge of U.S.A., legal background, experience of broadcasting and public speaking, and interest in current affairs would be useful. Box 2680.

YOUNG artist, N.D.D., wide knowledge of art history, seeks teaching post in or near London. Write Box 2593.

TEMPORARY post about 3 months reqd. by educated woman, admin., secretarial exper., French, Italian, German. Box 2657.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

ECONOMICS Graduate, early 40's, seeks position, preferably where his perfect knowledge of Russian and French languages and good knowledge of Italian could be used. Considerable business, teaching and translating experience. Box 2691.

INTELLIGENT young woman seeks progressive position with scope for exercise of initiative and artistic sensitivity. Good secretarial training & general educ. Shorthand, typing, fluent German, musical. Interest in people, natural history, books. Box 2493.

PART-TIME (1-5) secretarial work reqd. by student. CUN. 2866 after 8 p.m.

BOOKSELLER, 24, requires any part-time work. Box 2120.

EXPD. woman caseworker seeks post early Jan., pref. outside London. Hons. degree, social trng., exp. mental health, child care, family casework. Res./non-res. Box 2572.

SECRETARY requires work Saturday. Box 2415.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS Month's Penguins include: Cambridgeshire—N. Pevsner (5s.), A Summer to Decide—Pamela Hansford Johnson, Tender is the Night—Scott Fitzgerald (2s. 6d. each); Puffin Books: Long Ears—P. Lynch, Everest is Climbed—Wilfrid Noyce, A Book of Armour—P. Nicolle (2s. 6d. each), A Christmas Manger—Harwood (2s. 4d.); Pelicans: Iran—Ghirshman, Porcelain Through the Ages—George Savage (5s. each), Minds and Machines—Sluckin (2s.), The Reach of the Mind—Rhine (2s. 6d.); Penguin Poets: Byron (3s. 6d.); Periodical: Science News 34. For full list write Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

W. SOMERSET Maugham on "Some Novelists I Have Known": the first of a series of brilliant pieces appears in the current issue of "Reader's Review." Order now from bookstalls, or 1s. 9d. post free from "Reader's Review," 140 Salisbury Square House, London, E.C.4.

PARKS For the Nation, a critical survey of national parks & suggested amendments of the National Parks Act, 8d. from Ramblers' Assoc., 48 Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

MERLIN, the Paris quarterly. Vol. 2, No. 3. Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco, Italo Svevo, drawings by George Bartholick. Now available at 4s. 6d. post free from France Features, 15 New Row, W.C.2.

IN the Labour Party and trade unions to-day the key question is "What of Democracy?" This is the title of R. Palme Dutt's Notes in the December Labour Monthly out to-day. 1s. 6d. all agents. Postal subscription 9s. the half-year from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

ROBERT Graves, Fred Hoyle and Kathleen Nott write in December "Literary Guide," now on sale, 1s. Specimen copy from Dept. X, 12 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

"PICASSO and The Human Comedy." 180 drawings and 15 original lithographs in colour. Text by Rebecca West and others. £8 8s. from Zwemmers Bookshop, 78 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

"DIAGHILEV'S Oversight: And The Aftermath." A contemporary view of Ballet, by John Gregory. 3s. 6d. Available Federation Russian Ballet, 27 Baker St., W.1.

"PARENTS Only." By Nicholas Gillett. "A cheap, sensible, simply-written series of letters about the bringing up of children age by age to be read over a period of eleven years," said "Tribune." 120 pages 3s. 9d., post free, from the Island Press, 15 New Row, London, W.C.2.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

AMERICAN magazines by yearly postal subscription. "National Geog. Magazine," 49s. 2d.; "Life" (Int.), 45s.; "Popular Mechanics," 32s.; "Popular Photography," 36s.; complete price list free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

ART Books for Christmas. Write for new catalogue or—better still—visit Zwemmers Bookshop, 78 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

RARE, out of print books obtd. Staunton, Church Hill, Ringmore, Shaldon, Devon.

WE buy libraries, specialised or general; Penguins, Reprint, review copies, Chartist, Socialist, C.L., material The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS on Psychology, Philosophy, Occultism, Mysticism, Religion. List: NK Books, 28 (NS) Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess. Lists, A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Road, Tolworth, Surrey.

WHERE TO STAY

THERE'S only one way to rest. Get away from home and the odd jobs. Have breakfast in bed. Good food and deep sleep, fresh air at Kathleen Batten's hotel, Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne 17.

CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, warmth, comfort and convenience amid delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

SNOWDONIA. Inexpensive mountain holidays. Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

BEXHILL. Join our Xmas party. Country house near sea. Family atmosphere. Own produce/poultry. Terms mod. Details: The Thorne, Ninfield Rd., Bexhill. (Ninfield 212.)

XMAS vacancies Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, via Stockport. Warmth, good fare, homely fun Tel. 111.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; terms 5gns. weekly. Robertsbridge 148.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns, Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 22s. 6d per day.

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. An ideal centre while exploring the romantic Warwickshire countryside. Dancing every Sat. evening during the Winter. Tel. 3611.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All b'rooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

CHRISTMAS at Higham House (Vegetarian Health Centre): a special festive programme has been arranged for guests visiting this lovely country house situated in 20 acres. Write for brochure and Christmas terms: Higham House, Salehurst, nr. Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

HOVE Guests welcome weekends or longer. Comf. Guest House near sea. 18 Rutland Gdns. Hove 39389. Open for Xmas.

A QUIET stay or weekend with the comfort and hospitality of an English country house. The ideal setting for Christmas. Overlooking historic castle. 1½ hrs. Charing Cross. Justins, Bodiam, Sussex. Tel. Staplecross 226.

TANKERTON-on-Sea. Enjoy a Happy Xmas at Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Excellent food. Comf. bedrooms and lounges. Warm. Cen. Htg. Secluded in large grounds. Mod. charges Whitstable 3243.

GOING to Rome this Winter? Stay at the Pensione Canova—central location, excellent cooking: constant hot water, reasonable rates. Winter reductions. Write Via Leoncino 32, Roma.

MAJORCA. English hôtelier welcomes guests in his villa, Nov.-May, 3½gns. weekly. Casa Mascaró, Cenova, Palma.

MEDITERRANEAN holiday, £1 daily all incl. Molinari Hotel, Ventimiglia, Italy.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ST. John's Wood. Studio residence. A magnificent former studio of R.A. One of the finest in London. Large living room, double bedroom, boxroom, entrance hall. Newly equipped modern kit., bathroom, cloakrm. Unusual secluded garden. F'hold. £6,750. Full details: Sole Agents, Messrs. Nicholas, 4 Albany Courtyard, W.1. REG. 1184.

THREE modest contemporary houses about to be erected adj. Wimbledon Common to suit purchasers' requirements. Box 2705.

UPPER Clapton: F/H. mod. house, garage, 3 beds., 2 rec., etc., £2,500, no offers. Stamford Hill: 3 beds., 2 rec., etc., F/H., entirely redec., £2,250. 90% mortgage. John Stamford & Co., 151 Clapton Common, E.5. Tel. STA. 0066/7/8.

TWO superb building sites set in Castle grounds near Tonbridge. All services. Also one converted outbuilding in courtyard. 'Phone Hadlow 322.

JUST north of Sussex Downs at West Chiltington, modern thatched cottage, "Heathbank," living-room with dining alcove, kitchen, bathroom, 3 bedrooms, delightful, easily maintained, flowering shrub garden in front, small priv. wood behind; together with specially built beach hut (changing room at rear) some 10 miles away on private beach at Rustington. £3,350 (photo avail.). MOU. 6687.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 724

"FOREIGN Policy in a Changing World," Fabian New Year School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, December 31-January 2. Geoffrey de Freitas, Hugh Gaitskell, T. E. M. McKitterick, Michael Stewart. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

EDUCATION and the Future: New Year Study-course at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon., on Child & Adult Education, Jan. 2-7 (with Margot Hicklin, J. F. B. Chitty, Norman Glaister and others).

COURSES of Study. Founded in 1887. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate, London Univ. Degrees, Professional Prelim., Law, etc. Low fees; instalments. Pros. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

ART Training on progressive lines. Full/part-time. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Sq., London, S.W.1.

EVENING Classes: drawing and painting in spacious studio at the Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden St., Kensington, W.8. (PARk 4711.) Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc., Thursdays 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time.

SHORTHAND-typewriting 6 months' part-time course and 3 months' refresher course begin January, North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

ENGLISH for foreigners, French, German and Italian, by highly qualified teachers, day and evening; translations; call or 'phone Ashley College, 47, Gerrard St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. (GER. 8782.)

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc. Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

THE School of Self-Management where you can learn to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and tension. In addition to private lessons there are special classes for housewives, pregnant women, children, and special groups by arrangement, as well as a Training Course for Teachers of the method. Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222.

ANCIENT Greek: Private tuition by Oxford graduate (woman). Also small classes. FUL. 9418.

LATIN: Correction of work and coaching for any exam. by post. Box 2505.

RUSSIAN/German taught by expd. teacher. 41 Preston Rd., Wembley. ARN. 8944.

LATIN, Greek & German for all grades by professional tutor. Box 2644.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

YOGA. Lessons in practical & theoretical Yoga and Hindu philosophy. Communicate with Pandit Ushar-Budh Arya, c/o Shri D. S. Shastri, Vedic Mission (Arya Samaj), 173c, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.3.

PERSONAL

SWISS, 28, practical, pleas. manners & personality, expd. driver & sportsman, would like hospitality with opportunity to improve English, in exch. for services. Box 2418.

CHRISTMAS Cards by Rachel Walton are preferred by her discriminating contemporaries. Samples: 22 Farndon Rd., Oxford.

XMAS Holidays. Help wanted with children & house in country house near Colchester. Self-contained flat available if desired, or bed-sitting room. Refs. Box 2637.

PERSONAL—continued

I.C.A. Picture Fair, Dec. 2-10. Unique opportunity for Collectors. Fifty pictures and sculptures by Butler, Piper, Sutherland, Matthew Smith, etc. Tickets 12/6s. Apply for details, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1.

CHRISTMAS/New Year Holidays: make sure of a good Christmas and book now for one of our Winter Sports Parties to Austria or Switzerland, a Christmas Sunshine Holiday at Majorca or a Christmas House Party in Britain. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SWISS winter sports holiday. Englishman lecturing Swiss students and conducting party during Christmas vacation has a few vacancies. Minimum inclusive cost £24 15s. 6d. Full details from H. W. Robinson, Swiss Club, 74 Charlotte St., W.1.

GERMAN businessman (21), surgeon's son, wishes live with congenial family for about a year from January, 1955, to improve his English. Offers similar arrangement own home Brunswick, now or later. Box 2446.

YOUNG lady offered full board lodging Paris (Etoile) in exchange for light duties in house of lady with one little girl. Plenty of free time allowed. References exchanged. Mrs. Merlin, 21 rue Lesueur, Paris. 'Phone: Kleber 13-30.

ADVERTISER, now in uncongenial occupation due to family commitments, is unbearably irked. Would like meet someone to help change this sorry scheme of things. Is capable, hard worker, energetic; has genuine literary abilities frustrated by circumstances; managerial and organising experience since early youth. Will repay with diligence and sincerity the helping hand. Box 2279.

CHRISTMAS Music & Drama, Dec. 17-20 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Also New Year Party, Dec. 31-Jan. 2.

CONFERENCES. First-class accommodation (single rooms) and catering, with ample lecture rooms, etc. available summer 1955. Descriptive brochure. Apply Warden, The College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, Bletchley, Bucks.

CHRISTMAS house party London. Informal, inexpensive, for literary types. (Ages 20-30.) Enquiries welcomed. Box 2557.

PUBLISHER (London) requires Assistant. Qualifications: either experience (production, mail order, editorial) or adaptability and genuine interest in book publishing. Position offers prospect of eventual partnership for right person able to take over shareholding of retiring executive. Full particulars to Box 2556.

GOOD home & pocket-money offered, exch. some help, baby-sitting. Phone week-end or after 6 p.m. SPE. 6055.

FRENCHMAN, Licencié, coming London Jan., seeks work, also accom. Box 2536.

SKI-ING Tour to Kitzbuehel, Dec. 27 to Jan. 11, with the London University Ski Club. Few vacancies. Enquire: B. Hewett (Hon. Sec.), Royal Dental Hospital, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

GIRL seeks opp. earn trip 2/3 weeks sun/snow, Jan./Feb. Fluent French/German. Travelled. Offers/suggestions. Box 2648.

NEW Year week party, Cornwall. Details from Mrs. D. Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

RACIAL Unity requires room suitable for afternoon and evening office work in Kensington or Westminster district. Rent less, preferably much less, than £90 a year. Racial Unity, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

AFRICAN & other Colonial speakers on Afr. & Col. problems. Low fees. Racial Unity, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to writing, theatre, psychology, human affairs, conversation, people, all interests. Write for details, Box 2511.

AUSTRIA, all parts: acc. bookable London, from 15s. 6d. incl. Box 2714.

QUIXOTE, Anglo-American quarterly, wants new writers. Subscribers' MSS. receive detailed criticism. Quixote, The Thatch, Old Felixstowe, Suffolk.

HEATHERLEYS free-style studios meet progressive art-students' needs. Prospectus: VICtoria 6077.

ESTESO and Manuel de la Chico Spanish guitars for sale. Particulars from Ivor Mairants, 15 West Street, W.C.2.

POTTERY. Beginner seeks evening classes, London. Box 2409.

SCHOOLMASTER, 30s, seeks another for joint holiday. Sugg. welc. Box 2530.

ITALIAN (conversation-grammar) taught. Expd. Italian teacher (m). Box 2312.

SKI-ING by car. Young couple going to Kitzbuhl, Tyrol, Jan. 13-Feb. 6 have two seats in heated car, share expenses, appr. £12 each. PAD. 2891, daytime only.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

LYRICS and Romantic Plays set to music. Carrington-Briggs, Leven, Hull.

PERSONAL—continued

AN understanding and kindly home needed for backward child of 7 years for school holidays. Boarding-out allowance payable. Reply to Children's Area Officer, 1, Priern Park, N. Finchley, N.12.

ANTIBES, Alpes Maritimes, artist's house to let, old town, sleep 4. Dec. 14, three months, 5,000 francs weekly. Box 2595.

FOREST School Camps. Educational holiday camps for boys and girls of all ages. More staff wanted. New Year introductory course. Details from Mrs. Powlesland, 233 Connaught Rd., Luton, Beds.

MUSIC to be loved, must be understood. Sir Malcolm Sargent says . . . "'The Enjoyment of Music' is of special value. Mr. Sidney Harrison . . . makes points immediately clear. . . . It is as if we had a musician in our home to talk and play to us." Complete work a beautifully illustrated book and seven special 12in 78 r.p.m. records. All available separately. Easy terms. E.M.I. Institutes, Ltd. (Dept. NS55), Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

WHY not give your friends a subscription to the Poetry Book Society? 4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. (WHItehall 9737.)

CHRISTMAS Cards. New designs 3d. to 1s. 6d. Call at The Caravel Press, Moxon Street, London, W.1, or samples post free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Winter programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

SKI Holidays during Christmas vacation at Mallnitz (3,800 ft), Austria. Young people (aged 14-21) are invited to join specially escorted parties arranged by Anglo-Austrian Socy., 139 Kensington High Street, W.8. (WES. 9003.) Early application essential. £28 10s. including ski-ing tuition, fares & all incidentals ex. London, 10 days' full board at 1st-class hotel.

"SNOWSPORTS in Austria" are our speciality. For inexpensive ski-ing holidays, via the short sea route (16 days London back to London, from £23 10s. Snowsport Sleepers 31s. 6d. extra each way), write, 'phone or call for a copy of "Snowsports in Austria" from F. & W. Ingham, Ltd., Agents for the Austrian Federal Railways, Dept. N.S.5, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 0942.

GOOD pre-war saloon wanted urgently, cash. Write Box 2414.

BILL went to France, made friends with Jacques & brought him back. Let us tell you how they met. Robertson's Exchange-Travel Service, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gns. to 5gns. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 2503.

SOCK Darning Service, 34 Princes Road, Torquay. 6d. a sock, neat prompt work.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

YOUNG educ. foreign ladies willing help with children and light housewk. Pocket money, Available immediately for 3/6 months. Refs. exch. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

YES. I can still arrange a few portraits to be completed for Christmas. Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8. MAI. 3200.

PLAN your 1955 country holiday now, 4-berth caravan. Heart of rural Devon. Higher Holm, Cheviton Fitz., Crediton.

VINCE invites friends to his new Men's Shop where his latest range of Italian-style Sweaters and shirts, Camel Hair Casual Jackets, Black Jeans, Nylon Underbriefs, etc., are available. If you cannot call personally, illustrated catalogue will be sent on request. Vince, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1.

BEFORE buying pictures always read Abbott's Lists of originals by best artists at lowest prices (£1-£10). Box 1287.

A GENUINE interpretation of your Nativity. Send birthdate; 10s. 6d. Douglas V. Morgan, Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

H.P. facilities available for the purchase of cars between private individuals. Selig, 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD. 9961.

VESTA Tilley at Drury Lane, Champagne Supper after the Show; Lambert & Butler's Straight Cut cigarettes. Made for Halcyon Days, but still as good today. 20 for 3s. 11d.

PERSONAL—continued

ACCOM. and catering reqd. for Quaker Family Summer School, numbers 60/100. Also weekend conferences, 25/30 adults. I.S.O.C., Friends House, N.W.1.

BED-sit. room & meals offered in return some help children early mornings, evenings and week-ends. HAM. 3817. Allan, 2 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3.

SKI-ING Holidays in Switzerland, Austria, Italy and Norway. Our new programme includes a variety of winter holidays and you can choose whether to go with a party or independently. A fortnight amid the snow and sunshine can cost as little as £25—including a full course of instruction. Write for Winter Programme to Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (S5) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

ADVERTISER has bargain option on attractive modernised Georgian residence 50 miles due north of London. Easily converted into three s/c spacious houses. Practically immediate possession. Excellent opportunity for country lover seeking charming house at reasonable cost. Box 2510.

WANTED for elderly invalid lady, light housework, secretarial help 2-3 mornings a week, Golders Green. Box 2586.

HOW can educated man earn income at/from home? Intellectual or practical. Car, camera. Suggestions welcome. Box 2642.

MEDIEVAL Christmas Cards (wood engravings). 5s. doz., 2s. 9d. six, samples 1s. 6d. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford, Kent.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Last 2 days, "The Good Soldier Schweik." From Tu. Nov. 30, "The Chimes," Dickens.

ARTS (TEM. 3334), 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5, 8. "The Immoralist." Mems. 10*s.* yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Montserrat." Fris., Sats., Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2*s.* 6*d.* p.a.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30 "Late Night Party." Mems. 10*s.* yr. inclds. Guest Ticket.

OPERA Circle. Sir William Walton "Troilus & Cressida," illustrated by members Covent Garden cast. Intro. by librettist Christopher Hassell, at 8 p.m., Dec. 5, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Partics.: Mrs. Rosenfeld, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

"PEARL Fishers" by Bizet: lecture-recital by Tom Hammond and singers of the Sadler's Wells Opera Co. Monday, Nov. 29, 7.30. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Free.

S.C.R.'s 30th Birthday. Celebration Sun., Nov. 28, 7.30, Hammersmith Town Hll.

SOVIET artists at Greenwich Town Hall, Thursday, Dec. 2, 7.45 p.m. with Raissa Struchkova, prima ballerina, Bolshoi Theatre, and vocal and instrumental programme. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* from R.A.C.S. Travel Bureaux, Woolwich and Lewisham, also Furlong & Sons, 40 Deptford Bridge, S.E.8, or at door.

SHAW Society. Christmas Miscellany of readings from Shaw, Stella Gibbons, new Shaw play by Toni Block, etc., at Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., 7 p.m., Fri., Dec. 3. Non-mems. 2*s.* 6*d.*

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 28: "Les Jeux Interdits" (The Secret Game) (X). From 29: Marius Trilogy Entire Pt. 1. Raimu in "Marius" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, S. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 27, Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen in "The Belle of New York" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Nov. 28, 7.30 "Nuit de Noces" X. "Rendezvous de Juillet" A France.

SCALA Theatre, Sun., Nov. 28, 7.30 p.m. Soviet films. Première of "Palace of Science," magnificent colour documentary about Moscow University. With "Big Top," famous Soviet circus film. Tkts. 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* from Bdoc. Ctee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or at door.

INDIA Film Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2. Presents outstanding film "Ratnadeep" in Hindi at Scala Theatre. Dec. 15, 7.30. Synopsis provided. Membership 10*s.* yrly.

FILM Show. Special request performance of new gay topical Chinese comedy "The Grapes are Ripe," Thurs., Dec. 2, 7.30 p.m. Islington Town Hall, N.1. Also Dr. James, M.B., M.R.C.P. (just returned from China) and colour film "In Southern China." Tickets 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, from Britain-China Friendship Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 2522.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Church, next Central Library, Saturday, Nov. 27, 7.15. "The Strange Ones."

ASIAN Film Society presents "Awara" (The Vagabond), an Indian social film with English sub-titles, Sun., Dec. 5, 6.30 p.m., at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance. Apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1. Ger. 0287.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society Dance, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Saturday, December 4, 7.30 p.m. Admission 3*s.* (with running buffet).

AUSTRIAN "Krampus" Dance. Kensington Town Hall, Thurs., Dec. 2, at 8 p.m. Viennese Cabaret, Austrian Buffet, Dancing until 11.30. Tkts. 7*s.* 6*d.* (reduced for mems./studs.): Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003.

I.C.A., Dancing to the De Vere Group, Saturday, November 27, 8-11 p.m. At the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Members 3*s.* Guests 5*s.* Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Albert Hall, Sunday, December 5, at 3 p.m. The Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. presents Khachaturyan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra in a programme of his own music: In Memoriam, Piano Concerto, Poeme, Gayaneh Suite (incl. Sabre Dance). First performance in England. Solo pianist: Moura Lympany. Tickets: 12*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, from Hall (KEN. 8212) and usual agents.

BACH and Old English Music. Tues. next, Nov. 30, at 8. Leighton House, Holland Pk. Rd., W.14. Sarah Greville (soprano), Enid Brook (harpsichord), Homi Kanga (violin), Philip Jones (trumpet), Joan Bickers (commentator). 6*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, at doors. Management M. Choveaux.

OPERA: Jazz: Concerts: Choose your music from the programme of 20 Continental Stations. Get a copy now of European Radio, Bookstalls & Newsagents. Every Friday, 6*d.* Special offer 5 copies for 2*s.* subs. Cut this out & send with P.O.: Eurap Pub. Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Rd., London, N.4.

CONCERTS—continued

SONATA Recital—Albert Chasey (violin), Leslie Chasey (piano). Sonata in B minor, K.304, Mozart; Sonata in G, Op. 30 No. 3, Beethoven; Sonatas by Malcolm Arnold & Respighi. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., Nov. 27, at 8.15. WATerloo 3191.

STOLL Theatre, Sat., Dec. 4, 10.45 a.m. Concert by Soviet Artists. Struchkova and Lapauri, Galetskaya and Kamaletdinov, ballet soloists; Gulnara Mavayeva, Uzbek folk dancer, accompanied by Avner Barayev on the doira; Pavel Necheporenko, balalaika; Yuri Kazakov, accordion; Yuri and Irina Shubin, acrobats; Mikhail Meshcheriakov, juggler; Eugene Pyelov, Veronica Borisenko, Vera Pirsova, singers. Tkts. 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 12*s.* 6*d.*, from Stoll Theatre, HOL. 3703, and agencies. Discounts for parties. Presented by the British Soviet Friendship Society.

WIGMORE Hall, Thursday, December 2, at 7.30 p.m. The Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. presents the only recital of the Komitas Quartet (The Armenian State String Quartet). The Soviet Union's Finest Quartet. Programme: Quartet in D minor (Death and the Maiden) (Schubert), Quartet No. 1 (Shostakovich), Quartet in D, op. 18 No. 3 (Beethoven). Tickets: 15*s.*, 12*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* from Hall (Wel. 2141) and usual agents.

CHENIL Galleries, Chelsea. Thurs., Dec. 2, at 8. Leonard Friedman, Violin. First Perf. Rondo, Francis Baines. Theme & Variations, Nielsen. Sonatas: Bach in E. Cesar Franck in A. Caprices Paganini.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED New Small Prints: Dufy, Champ de Blé and Morisot. Jour d'été now ready. 10*s.* 6*d.* each, plus tax 2*s.* 6*d.*

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions IX: paintings by Gainsborough, Bonington, Corot, Degas, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso. Dly. 9.30-6, Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

EXHIBITION of British and Czechoslovak Children's Paintings, open from Sun., November 21 to Sat., December 4, from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., inc. Suns.: Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. British paintings going to Prague for exhibition.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mond.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1*s.*, members free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Denis Wirth-Miller, "Studies of a Dog in Movement," paintings. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Le Corbusier, Water-colours. Molly Moss, Christine Risley, Diana Balfour of Inchrye, Pauline Spender. Opening 3 p.m. November 30.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1954. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Opens November 28. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Recent drawings by Andre Minaux. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sat. 10-12.30 p.m.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Some individuals of English Painting. Examples of the art of print making.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. W. & S. Avery, paintings. 11-5.30 daily.

ANCIENT Bronzes from Sardinia. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 22. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2. Colour Prints, Christmas Cards and Picture Lending Library. Open 11 to 6 incl. Sat.

ASPECTS of Contemporary French Painting. Nov. 29-Dec. 18. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Wed. 10-7. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor Street, W.1.

RENEL Gallery, Burlington Arcade, W.1. Recent paintings by Manuel Benaim, from November 29 until December 31.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Picasso Pottery & original Artists' prints & lithographs.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Three Exhibitions: Robert Colquhoun; Frances Richards; & French Paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Dec. 4.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Collectors' Choice IV. French XIX & XX Centuries, including an important protocubist work by Picasso.

EXHIBITION of Modern Silver. (Organised by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.) Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent St., S.W.1. 10.30-6.30 daily except Suns. until December 18. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Animation & Repose. Paintings from 1400-1700.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Political Maturity" will be given by Mr. J. P. Plamenatz (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on December 2 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without tkt.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Recent American Tendencies in Jurisprudence" will be given by Professor Jerome Hall (Indiana) at 5 p.m. on December 2 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

"BACHYA—11th Century Jewish Philosopher and Mystic." Lecture by E. I. J. Rosenthal, M.A., D.Phil. (Lecturer in Hebrew, Univ. of Cambridge). Sunday, November 28, at 3.30 p.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Annexe), 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 30: Hector Hawton, "Rationalism in the Twentieth Century." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Nov. 26: Miss B. M. Smoker, "Do we need a revised Alphabet?" Friday, Dec. 3: Rev. H. R. Moxley, M.A., "Our Responsibility towards Refugees." Adm. free.

"THE Nine Power Agreement to Rearm Germany and Its Effect on Education." Discussion arranged by Teachers for Peace. Opener: John Elton, Monday, Nov. 29. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, 7.30 sharp. Admission 6*d.*

SOVIET Visitors' Farewell Party. Wed., Dec. 1, 7.30 p.m., Porchester Hall (Bayswater). Members only (S.C.R. & B.S.F.S.). Adm. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SOVIET Health Services. Dr. Lipmann Kessel, F.R.C.S., 55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6. 8 p.m. Tu. Nov. 30. Hamp. BSFS.

"THE Middle East." Colin Wills (B.B.C. Special Correspondent). Mon., Nov. 29, 6 p.m., Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. National Peace Council discussion meeting. Admission free.

A SOVIET Autonomous Republic 1917-53. Brian Pearce. Mon., Nov. 29, 7 p.m., 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Adm. free. Arranged S.C.R. & Collet's Bookshop.

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Professor Arnold Toynbee will speak on "Important Elements in the Interpretation of History" on Wednesday, December 8, at 6.30 p.m. Admission by ticket only, owing to great demand for seats, 2*s.*

TAKE the blood off oil! Protest at Iran shootings! Hear R. Palme Dutt, Arthur Horner. See film "Azerbaijan." Holborn Hall, Wed., Dec. 1, 7.30 p.m. Adm. free.

CENTRAL Literary Jewish Group present a lighthearted musical controversy on records. From New Orleans to Royal Festival Hall. Folman's Restaurant, 25 Noel Street (off Berwick St.), W.1. 8.15 p.m., Wed., Dec. 1. Visitors welcome. Refreshments.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NATIONAL Book League forthcoming activities. Tuesday, Nov. 30, Design Forum. R. L. Fishenden and Herbert Simon discuss the design of some recent books (Chairman: Charles Ede), at 6.30 p.m. (members 2*s.*, non-members 3*s.*, including refreshments from 6 p.m. Tuesday, Dec. 7, R. D. Smith on Sterne (Chairman: Rupert Hart-Davis), at 7.30 p.m., members 1*s.*, non-members 2*s.* Wednesday, Dec. 15, Literary Quiz, Hornsey Literary Circle challenges N.B.L., champion-team (Quizmaster: W. B. Stevenson), 7.30 p.m., members 1*s.* 3*d.*, non-members 2*s.* 3*d.*, including coffee. All at the N.B.L., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. (HYDe Park 9001.)

R. H. S. CROSSMAN and Patrick Gordon-Walker on Socialism, Power and World Relations—November 30, 7.15, Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Michael Young on "Housing & the Middle Classes." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Wed. Dec. 1, 7.30. Visitors 2*s.*

"ISRAEL'S Foreign Policy": lecture by Mr. M. Gazit, First Secretary to Israel Embassy. Mon., Nov. 29, 8 p.m. A. I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. In chair: Mr. Woolf Perry. Arr. by Zionist Federation.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. December 4, at 6 p.m. M. M. Mohrt (Alliance Française): "Le génie de la Bretagne."

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Friday, Dec. 3, 8.15 p.m., Jazz Forum, Retrospect and Prospect. Films "Jammin' the Blues" and "St. Louis Blues" will be shown. Chair: Elisabeth Lutyens. Introductions by David Sylvester. Members 2*s.* 6*d.* Guests 3*s.* 6*d.*

SOCIALIST Union. Hugh Gaitskell will speak on "Nationalisation as I See It" at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Friday, Dec. 3, 7.15 p.m. Admission 1*s.* Refreshments at 6.30.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Nov. 30: "The Wisdom of Yoga." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Can Religion be Made Rational?" The West London Ethical Society 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., November 28, at 7 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed. Dec. 1, 6.30 p.m. "Karma": Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. November 28: "What Does Reincarnation Mean?"

LEIGHTON House, Holland Park Road, Kensington. Background to William Morris. By Miss M. E. Weaver. Slides. Dec. 3, 8 p.m. Admission free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 28. Professor J. C. Flugel, D.Sc., "Is There a Death Instinct?" Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

"LIFE in the Soviet Army," by former Officers recently come from Russia. Mon., Dec. 6, 7.30, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. British Free Russia Movement. Adm. free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Friday, Nov. 26, 8 p.m. Isaiah Berlin, "Herzen and Bakunin on Human Liberty." Dec. 3, 8 p.m. Marie Rambert, "Nijinsky." Dec. 10, 8 p.m. Prof. Carr, "The Continuity of Russian History."

SUN., Nov. 28, 4.30, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place. Prof. George Thomson speaks in Greek on Aristophanes' "Peace." Free.

ENGLISH Folk Dance and Song Society. Illustrated talk on "Dance Traditions of the East," by Beryl de Zoete, author of "Dance and Drama in Bali" and "The Other Mind." Monday, Nov. 29, 7.30 p.m., at Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1. Adm. non-members 2*s.*

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn. Thurs. Dec. 2, 7.30: Swami Ghanananda, Minister & President. Guest speaker: Prof. K. S. Murty, Head of Dept. of Philosophy, Andhra Univ., on Vedanta. All welc. Lectures recom. Jan.

MEETINGS, Conferences, Lectures, verbatim reporting by Temple Bar Court Reporters, also shorthand-typing. 22 Craven Street, London, W.C.2. WHI. 7774.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 723

More Classified Advts. on Pages 721 — 723

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